

The Mortal Instruments
City of Bones

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A1 BACH Prelude in C, the well tempered clavier over helicopter shots NYC. The camera glides over the buildings looking straight down. It's slow and eerie. A1

1 EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - DAY 1

It's a narrow, cozy street. Camera cranes through the trees. In the background we see the SKYLINE OF UPTOWN MANHATTAN, THE EMPIRE STATE and THE CHRYSLER BUILDING.

We crane towards a balcony on a brownstone building. On the balcony is CLARY FRAY, 19, green eyes, red curly hair, petite and unknowingly beautiful. She's on the phone, picking dead leafs off a plant. *

CLARY
What time does it start?

Her eyes drift to the street. Her POV:

2 EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DAY 2

A beaten old TRUCK pulls up to a Brownstone and double parks. From the passenger door emerges JOCELYN FRAY, 38, dark red hair, luminous green eyes, BEAUTIFUL. Bohemian artist type. At the wheel, LUKE, 38, good natured, bent gold rimmed glasses, jeans and flannel shirt.

LUKE gets out and comes around to help JOCELYN maneuver a painting out of the back of the pick-up. It's a blank, pre-stretched canvas, ready to be painted on. They walk to the house.

3 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - DAY 3

Clary comes in from the balcony. It's an open floor plan of an artist's loft. Cozy, weathered, littered with books, easels, half finished paintings. Still on the phone, Clary leans over the kitchen counter and starts doodling on a Post-It.

CLARY
Don't. I'll meet you there.

She continues drawing, not even sure what she's doodling.

4 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - FOYER - DAY 4

Luke helps Jocelyn in the door with the canvas.

(CONTINUED)

He walks back outside. Jocelyn checks her mail, but accidentally whacks the wall of the lower floor apartment with the painting. There's a door. Besides it, a sign reads: MADAME DOROTHEA, Seeress-Prophetess. The door cracks open.

*

JOCELYN
Sorry about the noise, Dorothea.
How are you?

The door abruptly closes without an answer. Click.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
I'm great. Thanks for asking.

A familiar dynamic, Jocelyn shakes her head with a smile.

Keys rattle in the door. Clary turns to wave with a smile at Jocelyn as she walks in.

JOCELYN
Hey baby...

Clary gestures to the phone. Jocelyn kisses the top of her head and asks 'who it is?'

CLARY
Simon...

JOCELYN
Of course it is.

Luke comes in with the groceries as Jocelyn leans into the phone playfully.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Hi Simon!

CLARY
(to mom)
He says 'what's up?...'

LUKE
How's it going Clary?

She nods a good with a soft smile and walks to her room to continue her conversation in private.

LUKE (CONT'D)
That boy's going to get his heart broken if Clary isn't careful.
Coffee?

*
*
*
*

JOCELYN
Sure, you know where everything
is...

*
*
*

The Post-It note catches Jocelyn's eye. It's an ANGELIC RUNE. She tears it off and holds it up to Luke, alarmed.

*
*

Their eyes lock, both know this isn't good.

*

She tears up the doodle. Clary walks in, she's changed. Jocelyn practically pounces on her. Luke distracts himself by unloading her groceries.

*

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
How you feeling?

Clary seems used to her hovering.

CLARY
Fine. Why?

JOCELYN
Make sure you're home right
after...

Clary cuts her off.

CLARY
Mom, come on.

Jocelyn touches her face lovingly with a soft smile.

JOCELYN
I know, I know...

Clary heads down the hall. Jocelyn in tow.

CLARY
It's just a poetry reading.

Clary grabs her messenger bag from the hook by the door and heads out. Luke looks at Jocelyn.

LUKE
You should tell her.

*

JOCELYN
She's not ready. Not yet.

LUKE
She is, but you're not.

*

Leafs blowing. Taxis fly by. The distinct NYC skyline frames the background.

6

INT. JAVA JONES - AFTERNOON

6

A PACKED coffee shop moonlights as a poetry showcase. Worn couches and chairs. A small impromptu stage. On it ERIC, 19, skinny, wannabe intellectual, regurgitates words as another FRIEND strums the drums.

ERIC

Come, my faux juggernaut, my nefarious loins! Slather every protuberance with arid zeal!

In the back, Clary hangs with her BFF, SIMON, 19, lanky, dark haired, retro-geek glasses, cute. He slides deeper into the couch in embarrassment and whispers.

SIMON

Please don't tell anyone I know him.

ERIC

Agony swells within!

CLARY

It certainly does.

The MIC screeches. Clary giggles. Eric's voice rises with dramatic flair.

ERIC

Turgid is my torment!

SIMON

I can't listen to this. Want another coffee?

Clary shakes her head. Simon walks off.

Clary notices a BLONDE watching him closely, clearly interested. The girl's a bit bookish but cute.

Simon gets his coffee distractedly. The girl's eyes glued to him. When he returns, Clary can't suppress a smile.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Why are you staring at me?

CLARY

Don't look now, but that blond over there was checking you out.

Simon's eyes flicker sideways to stare at her.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY (CONT'D)
Ask her out.

SIMON
It wouldn't be fair.

CLARY
(surprised)
Why?

Simon turns slightly greenish.

SIMON
I'm saving myself for someone
else.

Completely unaware, Clary's quick to ask.

CLARY
Who?

Simon nervously shifts in his seat. The audience erupts
into wild APPLAUSE. Eric bows. Simon gives his friend the
thumbs up. Eric smiles, proud.

Simon and Clary walk home through the CROWDED streets.

CLARY
I think he's getting worse. As a
friend you should tell him.

SIMON
Maybe his poetry is great. We just
don't know it yet.

Suddenly, she spots a CLUB on the corner.

Above the club, a neon sign: PANDEMOMIUM. Beneath it
hangs the ANGELIC RUNE. It's the same one Clary was
drawing. She doesn't recognize that but is drawn to it.

CLARY
Come on. Let's go in there. I
wanna have some fun for a change.

SIMON
What do you mean for a change? We
have fun!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Simon shakes his head, dubious as he stares at the line of PEOPLE in outlandish COSTUMES and PIERCINGS.

SIMON (CONT'D)
This should be interesting. *

Clary stares at the RUNE.

CLARY
I wanna ask what that symbol means. *

Simon's POV: Only the neon sign. There's no RUNE.

SIMON
What symbol?

He's left without an answer, she's crossing the street to the club. Simon follows, surprised to see Clary already in line. He leans into her, clearly uncomfortable.

SIMON (CONT'D)
We'll never get in.

CLARY
Such the eternal optimist.

Simon takes one look at the Goth OUTFITS, then back at Clary. They look incredibly out of place.

SIMON
This is so not like you.

CLARY
I know. But just go with it. For once.

Clary peers to the front of the line as an ADAM LAMBERT type walks right in with just a nod to the BOUNCER.

Clary and Simon are up in line. Clary points to the RUNE and asks the bouncer.

CLARY (CONT'D)
What does that symbol mean?

The Lambert guy overhears her and screeches to a halt. The bouncer follows Clary's finger but only sees the neon sign: PANDEMOMIUM.

BOUNCER
What symbol?

SIMON
Yeah, what symbol?

(CONTINUED)

The Lambert guy whispers in the bouncer's ear. The rope opens. Clary looks at him, their eyes lock. His eyes are the color of antifreeze. She heads inside, Simon in tow.

SIMON (CONT'D)
That was cool. *

Clary smiles a 'Thank you' at Lambert. He nods, into her.

Lambert checks Clary out amidst a writhing SEA OF BODIES. She half dances, unaccustomed to the attention. Simon sways on his heels, wildly uncomfortable with the situation.

Lambert moves towards Clary. She smiles sheepishly and looks away. When she looks back up, he's staring at:

ISABELLE LIGHTWOOD, 20, waist long black hair, charcoal eyes, tall, a knock out in a long white dress with long lace sleeves. A gold bracelet coils up her wrist.

Clary stops dancing, stung by the snub. Simon doesn't see Lambert.

Curious, Clary's eyes follow Lambert as he moves towards Isabelle. Simon follows her gaze. POV Simon: He only sees the guy, NOT Isabelle.

Lambert's mouth waters when Isabelle brushes past him, enticing him to follow. He obeys. She reaches the far wall and turns, sultry and seductive. He reaches her, and runs his hands through her hair.

Clary is shocked at how quickly this is moving. Simon is annoyed she's staring at Lambert.

Simon moves into the crowd, dancing awkwardly. Clary's attention is back to... *

*
*

Lambert whispers something in her ear. She smiles. His lips move towards her shoulder, pushing her dress aside... He FREEZES.

Beneath her dress, her arms and shoulders are covered in FEARLESS RUNE TATTOOS. Panicked, he steps back.

Isabelle flicks her hand, her bracelet snakes down her wrist turning into a GOLD WHIP.

Lambert wants to get away but she sends out her whip, it wraps around his neck.

Clary gasps, standing on her tip toes to get a better view.

(CONTINUED)

Isabelle pulls Lambert back hard - straight into the arms of ALEC LIGHTWOOD, 21, glacier blue eyes, jet black hair, handsome. He locks Lambert into a full Nelson when suddenly...

JACE WAYLAND, 20, blond hair, amber eyes, muscular, tall, comes towards Lambert and stabs him with a small dagger... A few more brutal stabs.

Lambert is still in human form, making this look like a cold killing. Then he sinks to the ground.

PEOPLE WALK RIGHT BY. NOBODY REACTS! NO ONE SEES THEM!

Clary SCREAMS!!! It gets lost in the POUNDING MUSIC.

From the dance floor, Simon watches her panic. He pushes his way towards her. *

Clary stares at Jace as he pulls out a long crystal sword and delivers the final blow.

Suddenly, Lambert MORPHS into a SERIES of SHAPE SHIFTER DEMONS, but with all the people it's hard for Clary to see clearly.

Suddenly the demon folds in on itself and DISAPPEARS.

Clary stares, incredulous it's gone. Catatonic. Simon reaches her and takes her by the arms, practically holding her up, alarmed.

SIMON
Clary, what is it?!?

Too stunned to speak, she just points at the Shadowhunters. Simon looks in their direction but can't see them, only people dancing, drinking, making out.

He turns back to her, shaking his head. She looks around, no one else can see them. She's paralyzed by fear, confusion.

Suddenly Isabelle locks eyes with Clary. Alarmed, Isabelle whispers in Alec's ear. He squints at Clary, as if he can't quite believe she can see them. Jace stares at her with an identical expression of astonishment.

Simon turns to Clary, bewildered.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Clary can't move or speak. Jace heads towards her, Alec holds him back. Jace protests. Alec whispers in his ear. But Jace rips his arm away, locking eyes with Clary.

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9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

He's beautiful but deadly. Simon follows her stunned gaze to the Shadowhunters.

CLARY
Look...

Simon can't see them.

A SECURITY GUARD spots Clary freaking out. He talks into his ear piece.

The Shadowhunters head out, brushing past the security guard, unseen by him or anyone else but Clary. She looks down at the ground. Nothing, not even a scratch. When she looks back up, there's the bouncer who was out front.

BOUNCER
Go sleep it off.

Simon walks her out in an utter state of shock.

10 EXT. PANDEMONIUM - NIGHT 10

Music POUNDS in the background. Simon is on the curb desperately trying to hail a cab. Clary struggles to make sense of all this.

CLARY
I swear I saw it. They killed the
guy who got us in. *

SIMON
Did you drink anything? You know,
those funny little pills aren't
candy...

CLARY
God, Simon, no! Nothing like that!

But she's at a loss, shaken.

SIMON
I've heard sometimes they pump
hallucinogenic stuff through the
air vents to make sure people have
a good time.

Clary looks at him like he's crazy now.

CLARY
Then how come you're fine? Did we
breathe different air?

A taxi pulls up. Simon opens the door. Clary gets in and looks out her window, staring up at the sign above the club with the rune... BACH MUSIC.

11 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - NIGHT 11

BACH plays. Clary comes quietly in. Not wanting to wake her mother. Then sees Jocelyn asleep, curled up on the couch. Clary heads to her room, but hesitates, walking over to turn off the music.

Then pulls a blanket over Jocelyn. Clary looks up to find a black RAVEN perched on a tree outside the window, staring straight at her. It blinks and flies off. Puzzled, Clary watches it disappear into the night.

12 OMIT. 12

13 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - CLARY'S BEDROOM - DAY 13

Clary wrestles in her sleep. She abruptly wakes into a sitting position. The sound of BIRDS and TRAFFIC. She takes a deep breath, it was just a nightmare. She slides out of bed, draws the curtains, pushing open the window. Light filters in. Slowly, the camera pulls out...

Behind her, the wall is covered in DOZENS of the same ANGELIC RUNE DRAWINGS.

Clary turns to discover them. She gasps, staring at the RUNES, incredulous. A beat. Then rushes to pull them down in a frenzy. She stuffs them in her messenger bag.

14 OMIT. 14

15 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S/HALLWAY - DAY 15

In a T and jeans, Clary storms down the hallway. Her mom looks up, sensing something.

JOCELYN
What's wrong?

Clary tries to hide how freaked out she is.

CLARY
Nothing.

JOCELYN
You've been sleeping all day. Why were you so late last night?

She's struggling to keep cool. It's not really working.

CLARY
I'm home, alright?

(CONTINUED)

Clary grabs her keys from the entrance, about to leave.
Jocelyn abruptly moves to stop her.

JOCELYN
You can't leave. We're going to
Luke's farm house in a couple
hours.

*
*
*

Clary is in no mood to deal with this right now.

CLARY
Mom, I've been meaning to talk to
you about this. I'm going to skip
it this year.

*
*
*

JOCELYN
What? I just sold another
painting. I wanted to celebrate.

*
*
*

CLARY
To your one buyer? Who is this
guy, anyway? He probably just buys
them cause he's into you. I'm sure
you just string him along, like
you do with Luke.

JOCELYN
Do you really want to have this
conversation?

CLARY
What's that supposed to mean?

JOCELYN
Simon...

CLARY
He's like my brother.

JOCELYN
I doubt he feels that way.

Clary holds her hands in the air, giving up.

CLARY
I have to go.

Jocelyn grabs her wrist. It's a bit much.

JOCELYN
Where?

CLARY
This is ridiculous.

JOCELYN
You can't go.

(CONTINUED)

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Clary pulls her wrist back, trying to reason with her.

CLARY
I'm just going to Java Jones.

Jocelyn rushes to stop her.

JOCELYN
You can't!

Defiant, Clary reaches for the door. Her mom tries to stop her. The door flies OPEN. Jocelyn SCREAMS, startled.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Jesus!

SIMON
No, just me. But I'm told the resemblance is startling.

Clary glares at her mom and pulls Simon out the door.

CLARY
Come on, Simon.

Jocelyn reaches for Clary's arm. Adamant.

JOCELYN
Clary, there's something I want to tell you. *

Clary locks eyes with her mom, hesitates, then rips out of her mother's grasp, dragging Simon out the door. He shouts over his shoulder. *

SIMON
Bye, Mrs. Fray!

The door closes. Jocelyn shakes her head, and starts dialing her phone.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY

Fuming, Clary bursts from the Brownstone and rushes down the front steps. Simon speeds to catch up. They walk down the street. Clary is furious. Her cell RINGS. INSERT display: MOM. Clary hits ignore.

SIMON
How are you feeling today?

CLARY
She needs to get a life and stop trying to live mine.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

You know your mom, she gets like
this sometimes, like when she
breathes in. Or out... *

They turn a corner. *

16A EXT. JAVA JONES - DAY

16A *

Walking toward the coffee shop. *

SIMON

... She'll get over it. *

CLARY

You think you know her. But
sometimes I wonder if anyone does.

Clary almost bumps into a COUPLE pushing a TODDLER in a
stroller. The girl's holding a FAERIE doll with gold
wings. Suddenly, they FLUTTER.

Clary jumps back, stunned. Then whips her head around to
double take but the stroller is already turning the
corner.

17

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - CLARY'S BEDROOM - DAY

17

From the doorway, Jocelyn looks into her room. She spots
a rune drawing and kneels down, reaching under the bed.
She pulls it out. Again, that look of horror.

RING. RING. The doorbell. Jocelyn stands, heads for the
door. It RINGS again.

18

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S/HALLWAY - DAY

18

Jocelyn reaches for the knob. CRASH. The door EXPLODES
inward thrusting Jocelyn against the wall.

There stand PANGBORN and BLACKWELL, both 40, menacing,
with RUNE TATTOOS. A PIT BULL panting at their side. It
growls, they draw their BLADES. RUNES engraved in them.

PANGBORN

Where's the Cup, 'Jocelyn'?

JOCELYN

How did you find me? *

PANGBORN

You can thank your daughter for
that. *

(CONTINUED)

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Out of nowhere, she whacks him across the face. He responds by slamming her across the hall and into the kitchen counter. Appliances go flying.

*

PANGBORN (CONT'D)
Where's the Cup?

He walks towards her. She draws a knife and attacks him like a wild animal, managing to scramble past him and run down the hall. She slams the bathroom door. We hear it double LOCK.

PANGBORN (CONT'D)
Find it. I'll get her.

*

Blackwell starts ripping the place apart.

INT. JAVA JONES - DAY

CLOSE UP ANGELIC RUNE. Clary's showing Simon her drawing. He shakes his head, not understanding her concern.

SIMON

So?

Clary looks down at her messenger bag, overstuffed with RUNE drawings.

CLARY

Suddenly I'm drawing hundreds of these and I have no idea what they are.

SIMON

Okay, you're freaking me out. You're like that guy in Close Encounters.

Clary spots Jace outside staring straight at her. She jolts back with a gasp. He waves. A RING glitters on his finger. She whips back around.

CLARY

Oh god, this isn't happening.

Clary turns to look outside again. Jace is gone. Then, she spots him striding towards her, walking past people, extremely close, seemingly invisible to everyone. His SOUNDLESS and INVISIBLE RUNE tattoos look freshly inked.

Freaked out, she slides down the couch, closer to Simon, locking her arm around his. Simon glances at it.

SIMON

(with a smile)

Now you're really freaking me out.

b4
X-25
1/9

(CONTINUED)

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Clary tunes Simon out. The image goes into slow-motion, and Simon's words become background noise.

JACE
Who are you?

Clary jumps, startled to find Jace right there, staring straight into her eyes. She jerks back. Her heart pounding. Simon follows her gaze. But there's NO ONE there. He can't hear him either. He's confused.

Clary realizes Simon can't see him. Jace smiles, half mockingly, stands and walks out.

CLARY
(to Simon)
Wait here.

She bolts from the couch and heads out after Jace. Simon watches with a confused frown.

EXT. JAVA JONES - ALLEY - DAY

Clary runs out, still holding the rune drawing. There's Jace, leaning against the wall in the alley, waiting for her.

CLARY
Why can I see you and no one else
can?

He pulls away from the wall and circles her.

JACE
I was going to ask you the same
thing.

CLARY
I don't know why I'm standing here
talking to you. You're a killer! A
cold blooded killer!

JACE
As opposed to a peace-loving
killer?

CLARY
I know what I saw.

JACE
You think you do.

She sees a RUNE on his arm, grabs it, then shoves her RUNE drawing in his face.

*
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*

*
*
*

*

*
*

*

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CLARY

Why am I drawing this?

*
*
*

He takes it from her.

*
*

JACE

So, I was right, you're not a
mundane.*
*
*

CLARY

Excuse me, what's a mundane?

*
*

JACE

A human.

*
*

A beat.

*

CLARY

If I'm not human, than what am I?

*
*

Jace opens his mouth to talk, Clary's phone RINGS.

*

Jocelyn is desperate for Clary to answer. There's banging
on the door.Pangborn shoulders the bathroom door in, reducing it to
bits. He grabs Jocelyn by the hair and drags her down the
hallway. The phone falls from her hands. INSERT display:
CLARYFrantic, Jocelyn's eyes go to the phone on the ground as
she's pulled further and further away from it.Then an inner strength swells within Jocelyn. She
transforms, only to KICK Pangborn between the legs. This
gives her just the break she needs to use her tremendous
moves: THUD, BAM, WHAM!!! A flurry of BLOWS. She kicks
him in the stomach, chest, throat. Pangborn is pushed
back into the kitchen, overwhelmed. She kneecaps him, he
falls to his knees. She fights like a maniac. No breaks.
She pushes him into the fridge and uses the door to bang
his head over and over again. BANG, BANG. Finally he
collapses.Instinctively she grabs a big pan and whisks around and
hits Blackwell (who was sneaking up on her) right in the
nose. WHAM! He falls back into the dining area.It gives Jocelyn enough time to whisk her phone up and
run to her bedroom, pleading with it...

JOCELYN

Please baby... answer...

21

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Voice mail.

CLARY (O.C.)

Hey, it's Clary, make it short.

Shaken, she slams the door behind her. We hear her redial.

22

INT. JAVA JONES - DAY

22

Simon nervously checks the front door for Clary. His phone rings. On the display: CLARY'S MOM. Under his breath...

SIMON

Shit...

He doesn't answer. Now he's anxious.

23

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S BEDROOM - DAY

23

Effortlessly, she barricades the door with a two-seater sofa. She dials the phone again.

24

EXT. JAVA JONES - ALLEY - DAY

24

Clary grabs the drawing back from Jace.

CLARY

Answer me. Why am I drawing this?

A COUPLE walks by Jace and Clary. Their POV: Clary is alone, talking to herself. The couple speeds up, staring at her like she's crazy. She stares back, annoyed.

JACE

When did this start?

Her phone rings. She hits IGNORE.

JACE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should answer that,
could be your boyfriend.

It rings again, she pushes IGNORE, firm.

CLARY

He's not my boyfriend.

JACE

Does he know that?

(CONTINUED)

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Clary's phone rings AGAIN. Jace insists, referring to the phone.

JACE (CONT'D)
Please, it's annoying.

Surprised by his insistence, she picks up.

CLARY
Mom? I'm on my way home...

JOCELYN (O.S.)
(terror stricken)
Don't come home! You understand
me?
(CRASH, BANG)
Don't come home... Ever.

BOOM. Something shatters in the background. Clary panics.

CLARY
Mom! Mom?

Buzzing and static cut through the line.

JOCELYN (O.S.)
Call Luke. Tell him Valentine's
alive and he's found me...
(eerily calm)
I love you Clary.

*
*

A harsh noise, a CRASH, followed by a THUMP. The phone goes DEAD.

CLARY
(shrieking)
Mom! Mom?

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S BEDROOM - DAY A25

BANG! Pangborn breaks through the door, grabs the small sofa and pushes it away.

Panic stricken, Jocelyn claws her way to a chest, tears out a drawer and retrieves a VIAL from a BOX in a hidden compartment. On the box, the initials: J.C. Inside, a golden lock of baby hair.

*

PANGBORN
Where's the Cup, Jocelyn?

JOCELYN
Tell Valentine he'll never have
it...

Jocelyn downs the contents of the vial.

(CONTINUED)

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19.

CONTINUED:

A25

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

...or me.

She collapses. Pangborn grabs her before she falls and looks at her face. He yells as if trying to reach into her subconsciousness before she fades completely.

PANGBORN

WHERE'S THE CUP?!?

Too late. She's out. Blackwell closes the window blinds leaving the room in darkness. *

25

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

25

Frantic, Clary runs through the crowded streets while dialing Luke. A BIKE MESSENGER nearly rams into her full speed. It swerves to avoid her, skidding to a stop.

She continues running without stopping and crosses the street. A TAXI slams on the breaks, an inch from hitting her. It HONKS loudly. The driver SCREAMS out the window. Clary holds the phone up to her ear as she bolts ahead.

A26

EXT. LUKE'S STORE - DAY

A26

We hear the phone ringing over this scene. The camera is tracking slowly towards the store which is a combination of antiques and books. The camera pans to a staircase leading to a basement.

26

INT. LUKE'S STORE - PANIC ROOM - BASEMENT - DAY

26

On a table in the basement, Luke's cell buzzes on vibrate. Camera pulls out to reveal a FREESTANDING WALK-IN PADDED CELL. The door is open.

In the background, we see Luke out of focus unbuttoning his shirt as he walks into the padded room and locks the door behind him. Luke's cellphone buzzes on.

27

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - DAY

27

Out of breath and soaked in sweat, Clary reaches the apartment door. It's splintered OPEN. She pushes carefully through it, her heart pounding in fear.

CLARY

(whispering)

Mom! ?!

(CONTINUED)

No answer. It's dark. Save for a few rays of evening sun filtering in. There are ripped cushions, scattered books, everything is toppled over. But no sign of Jocelyn.

Panicked, she races into the kitchen. Bottles and broken dishes on the floor. Food, glass, china everywhere.

Amidst the silence... A dog PANTING... A low GROWL.

Clary cranes her neck slowly in full alert mode.

In the doorway stands the PIT BULL. Staring into her eyes, teeth bared. GROWL rising, legs bent, ready to lunge...

Clary steals a look down the corridor to her room. Then back at the Pit Bull... She turns and RUNS. The Pit Bull follows, skidding on the floor, barking.

She runs through her room, closing the door behind her only to go out another door. SLAM. She closes it. The Pit Bull crashes into it with a THUD. It's locked in her room. SILENCE!!!

Out of breath, Clary steps back from the door, staring at it. The growling starts up again. She turns to inspect the apartment, everything is strewed about.

A thin pinkish amoeba gel creature pours from the key hole. It seeps out, not affected by gravity.

More gel creature starts seeping out from under the door. More and more. Like slow moving mercury - except this is all flesh, blood and fur left over from the Pit bull. *

Clary runs to the kitchen, grabs a kitchen knife and slowly turns a corner. An eerie silence as she approaches her room. The camera tilts up...

The creature is suspended from the ceiling above her. She doesn't see the large tentacle moving towards her head.

She walks away barely missing it as it bites down on her. She's oblivious. It continues moving across the ceiling.

Clary pushes the door to her room open but finds nothing. She walks in, steps on something. Looks down...

THE DOG COLLAR

Behind her, a shadow comes across the ceiling. She picks up the dog collar, noticing some strange inscription on it. It's the STRENGTH RUNE.

Something DRIPS on her. She looks up...

A massive AMPHIBIAN with a barbed tail and a slew of legs springs onto her. It's an amoeba demon, a RAVENER, with tentacles ending in mouths full of sharp teeth. *

Clary SHRIEKS, staggers backward, falls, and loses the knife. The creature wraps itself around her.

In a panic, she fights it, pushing and pulling. The tentacles sharp teeth and pointy edges draw blood.

Half crying and in total survival mode. Her hands slip, she can't get a grip. She reaches for the knife. But can't find it. Finally, she grabs it. And STABS the Ravener, cutting it until it slides off her.

She scrambles to her feet and RUNS.

The creature springs, chasing after her SIDEWAYS ON THE WALL. Completely defying gravity. Its jaws open wide.

Clary runs for her life, sweaty and scratched.

The tentacles flicker out at her, full of fanged teeth, snapping incessantly. Clary reaches the kitchen.

She THROWS small APPLIANCES at the Ravener as it advances. THUD. BAM. BOOM. They bounce right off.

Until an electric can opener gets lodged in a tentacle. It CHOKES.

Clary searches for something to kill it with. The oven!!! She rips the door open and turns the GAS on.

The Ravener SLAMS into Clary. Her head hits the ground. The demon crawls on top of her.

The HISSING of gas filling the room, the stench heavy.

Clary KICKS and CLAWS, struggling to get the creature off. She can't. Until, she pins its TAIL with her foot. But it's so heavy, she can't breathe, much less move.

She gasps for air, her fingers struggle to reach the lighter... She GRABS it.

Suddenly the TAIL morphs into the HEAD.

The tail whips around and STINGS Clary in the arm. She screams, the pain unbearable. The Ravener falls off her. She rips open the fridge door and SPARKS the lighter... BOO-OOM. The oven EXPLODES.

A33 EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY

A33

The kitchen windows BLOW OUT into the street.

B33 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - DAY

B33

The RAVENER bursts into HUNDREDS OF BITS. Tentacles litter the floor. Teeth chatter. Every window in the kitchen is blown out. The smoke dies down. All is quiet.

Clary slowly emerges from behind the fridge door. To see the bits of creature lying around. She rises to her feet.

And notices two REMAINS of Ravener start blending together merging into ONE. She shakes her head, saying "no". And starts backing away as the TWO pieces are now joined by a THIRD, and a FOURTH...

The "new" creature grows as its bits are drawn together.

The creature comes at her, jaw wide, more alive than ever. She SCREAMS.

Suddenly, Jace is there!!! He pushes her out of the way to fight the advancing Ravener with gravity defying moves. SWOOSH. Jace's sword cuts the Ravener in half.

It EXPLODES.

Pieces of demon matter rain down, giving way to the vision of Jace, standing in the doorway, translucent BLADE in hand.

Clary's heart catches in her chest, he saved her life.

Then her eyes go to the pieces of demon slithering across the floor. They deflate and DISAPPEAR.

Incredulous, Clary stares a one last BIT still moving. Angry and disgusted, she runs over and STOMPS on it, frantic. But she can't stop, she's too freaked out to.

Jace gently takes her in his arms and whispers.

JACE

Enough.

*

She collapses into him. Delirious, eying the floor. Every trace is gone, like it never happened.

CLARY

What the hell was that?

JACE

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

CLARY

Try me.

JACE

It was a demon.

Beat.

CLARY

You're right. I don't believe you.

JACE

That thing you saw me kill at the club, it also was a demon.

*

*

CLARY

So, what's a demon doing in my house?

JACE

That's the question.

CLARY

I know who might know the answer.

*

*

Clary tries to stand but the world tilts. Jace slides his hand across her back to steady her. Their eyes lock. Her heart skips. Reality sinks in. She pulls away. Jace's arms slide off her.

*

Clary and Jace head down the steps. At the bottom of the landing, Dorothea's door is cracked open. Clary spots it. It shuts. She leaps down the stairs, three at a time.

And POUNDS on the door. BANG, BANG, BANG. Screaming.

CLARY

Dorothea. Open, now. Please.

The door cracks open. A pair of eyes peer out, engulfed in a dense cloud of incense. The door closes.

*

Clary bangs on the door again. It opens. Clary sticks her foot in the door.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Do you know what happened to my mother?

No answer. But Dorothea's eyes go to Jace. Clary spots that and pulls Jace in closer.

CLARY (CONT'D)
You can see this guy?

JACE
Of course she can. She's a witch.

Clary pushes her way inside.

JACE (CONT'D)
Downgraded from a gingerbread house to a one-bedroom?

Lightning fast, she grabs Jace and pulls him in close.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Say that again and I'll re-arrange that pretty face of yours. And I won't even use magic.

She manages to actually shut him up. She lets go of him. Clary pushes her way in.

Bead curtains, astrological posters, Chinese magical symbols and stacks of books clutter the space. Old lamps with silk scarfs over them, stuffed birds in rusty cages, a baby carriage with a porcelain doll.

CLARY
Do you know where my mother is?

MADAME DOROTHEA
Sorry. I have no idea.

CLARY
She mentioned a name. Valentine.

Jace reacts. He's heard this name before. So has Dorothea. She starts pushing them back out the door.

MADAME DOROTHEA
You need to leave.

CLARY
Please help me.

(CONTINUED)

Dorothea stops and considers.

MADAME DOROTHEA
You're not going to leave, are
you?

CLARY
Not until you tell me something,
anything.

Dorothea sighs. Then she grabs a stack of Tarot cards.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Let's see what the cards say.

She spreads them out before Clary. Who rolls her eyes.

CLARY
I'm sorry but you know I don't
believe in any of this.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Sit!

Clary obeys.

MADAME DOROTHEA (CONT'D)
Run your hand over the cards.

Hesitant, Clary runs her fingers over the back of the
CARDS. One literally springs into her hand and CLINGS to
it. Puzzled by this, Clary looks at it, recognizing its
style.

CLARY
My mom painted these...

Dorothea nods.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Yes, they were a gift. Let's see
which one you picked.

Clary turns it over to reveal a beautiful CUP with a red
stone in the middle.

MADAME DOROTHEA (CONT'D)
The Ace of Cups.

CLARY
So?

Jace studies it. Then snaps.

JACE
That's the Mortal Cup.

*

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHEA

Ignore him.

JACE

It's a Mortal Instrument. One of
the three holy objects of our
people. Why is it here?

*

*

CLARY

I don't see what this has to do
with my mother.

Jace looks at Dorothea. She's annoyed he's said too much.
She turns to Clary.

MADAME DOROTHEA

Your mother was a Shadowhunter.
Like him.

*

*

CLARY

Wait... My mom's a painter!

DOROTHEA

She never told you any of this,
did she?

*

*

CLARY

All I know is my mom's gone and I
have no idea where to start
looking for her.

Dorothea considers Clary, taking her time. Finally, she
softens, persuaded to help her. She outstretches her
arms, placing her hands on Clary's head.

DOROTHEA

Let me read you.

Dorothea closes her eyes and concentrates. After a few
BEATS she steps back shaking her head.

MADAME DOROTHEA

Sorry. Nothing. There's something
blocking your mind. My guess is
your mom hired someone very
skilled to protect you.

CLARY

From what?

MADAME DOROTHEA

Your own memories.

CLARY

Why? I don't remember anything
she'd want me to forget...

*

Clary realizes the paradox of what she just said. They all do. Beat.

Suddenly, there's a noise coming from upstairs. Clary jumps to her feet and runs out. Jace follows.

35

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - FOYER - DAY

35

Clary grabs a fire extinguisher leaning against the wall and runs upstairs.

JACE
Wait...

But she ignores him and keeps going.

36

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - DAY

36

Clary rushes into the apartment. A figure darts through the shadows. With a struggle, she swings it, WHACKING the figure across the shoulders with the extinguisher. An ear splitting yowl.

It's Simon!!! He rubs his shoulder, in pain and anger. He's holding her messenger bag.

SIMON
What the hell?

CLARY
Simon? Sorry, sorry, sorry. You scared me.

He hands her the bag.

SIMON
Here. You left it at the cafe.
What the hell happened here?

CLARY
My mom... she's missing.

SIMON
Missing?

CLARY
This guy's helping me find her.

Simon looks. No one is there.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Well, you can't see him.

(CONTINUED)

She turns to find, NOBODY. She looks back at Simon, further confused. He's staring at her, bewildered.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Great, so now I can't see him either.

Suddenly, Jace walks out of darkness and into the light, holding the vial Jocelyn drank from. Clary looks at his arm. A SIGHT RUNE TATTOO looks freshly carved. Jace waves lazily at Simon.

CLARY (CONT'D)
And now you're visible.

JACE
A big improvement to the landscape, wouldn't you say? Jace Wayland. Demon hunter.

Jace holds out his hand. Simon shakes it awkwardly.

SIMON
Simon Lewis. Keymaster. Are you the Gatekeeper?

JACE
I have no idea what you're talking about.

CLARY
He's quoting Ghostbusters. Simon, this is serious.

SIMON
How so? I mean, look at this guy. Does he think he's a ninja?

Clary picks up a photo in a broken frame: A decorated SOLDIER. Jace leans over her shoulder, staring at it.

JACE
Your father?

Clary nods. She pulls out the photo and pockets it.

CLARY
He died when I was two.

Jace shoots her a look, recognizing the feeling, instantly more connected. Simon notices, annoyed. Jace continues to search through the other rooms.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

So wait, your mom is gone and
you're hanging out with some dyed-
blond wannabe Goth who just
trashed your apartment?

She searches through the mess.

CLARY

It wasn't him.

She finds the phone.

CLARY (CONT'D)

Here it is.

It's got blood on it. Her heart sinks. With a deep
breath, she quickly goes through the call log.

CLARY (CONT'D)

Clary, Clary, Clary... Simon. She
called you?

She looks at him.

CLARY (CONT'D)

Why didn't you pick up?

SIMON

I-I.. was looking for you. If I'd
known it was serious I would've
picked up.

CLARY

How would you know if you didn't
pick up?

He has no answer. Jace walks back in to show Clary the
vial.

JACE

I found this in her room.

(to Simon)

For the record, my hair is
naturally blond.

Clary shakes her head.

CLARY

What is it?

JACE

Nothing good.

CLARY

We've gotta find Luke.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (3) 36

Clary storms off. *

37 OMIT. 37

38 INT. SUBWAY - DAY 38

Clary is sandwiched between Jace and an incredulous Simon. It's an awkward, silent moment.

THREE GIRLS gawk at Jace from further down. One of them is especially smitten. They don't even notice Simon.

Simon stares at his SIGHT RUNE TATTOOS.

SIMON
I was thinking of getting a tattoo.

Jace chuckles, slightly bored. Clary stares straight ahead, catatonic. The girls can't stop eyeing him.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I don't know if you've noticed but those girls are staring at you.

JACE
(deadpan)
Of course they are, I'm stunningly attractive.

Simon can't believe the arrogance of this guy.

39 EXT. STREET CORNER MANHATTAN - EVENING 39

The sun sets behind the skyline. Clary, Jace and Simon turn the corner and walk down a row of small boutique stores.

40 EXT. LUKE'S STORE - NIGHT 40

An antique store with a glass front. Garroway Books. Clary runs to the main entrance, but there's a thick chain locking the front gate.

CLARY
That's weird. This way.

She leads Jace and Simon to the side of the entrance. Steps lead down to the basement. Jace turns to Simon

(CONTINUED)

JACE
You stay here. If anyone comes,
let me know.

*
*

SIMON
Who made you the boss?

*

Simon looks at Clary, she nods a okay. Jace and Clary
head down the narrow steps.

*
*

41

INT. LUKE'S STORE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

41

Jace and Clary come into the basement. Its dark and
filled with stuff.

As they maneuver through piles of old stuff, Clary stops
and stares in horror at the padded cell in the middle of
the room. There are scratch marks in the padding. It
looks like a claw tore away at it. The padding is coming
out.

She starts walking towards it when she's suddenly
interrupted by Luke's voice...

LUKE (O.S.)
I told you there was nothing down
here.

Jace and Clary rush up the steps to the upper floor.

42

INT. LUKE'S STORE - NIGHT

42

Books piled high, ANTIQUES everywhere. Cozy. Clary is
quick to follow Jace behind a bookshelf.

LUKE (O.S.)
You guys are making a big mistake.

Jace draws his Stele. She stares, curious but scared.

Jace flicks the tip of the Stele like a tuning fork. He
makes it vibrate. A faint tone comes from the Stele,
barely audible. He puts one end to the bookshelf and
magically the solid matter starts to liquefy in circular
waves. The vibrations continue and turn the solid
bookshelf and its books translucent like GLASS. We SEE
THROUGH IT, giving us a clear view of the store where
Pangborn and Blackwell are talking to Luke.

Luke's hands are cuffed in front of him with silver
manacles. He's clearly in pain from the silver as it
burns into his skin, smoke rises from it.

Jace stares at them in shock.

(CONTINUED)

PANGBORN

Tell us where Jocelyn hid the Cup
and you'll get her back. Safe and
sound.

*

LUKE

I don't want her back. I couldn't
care less. I've spent years
cozying up to that woman and her
brat, to get the Mortal Cup. I
want to be the one to give it to
Valentine.

*

*

*

Clary's eyes widen.

PANGBORN

Why don't I believe you?

Luke's silent, he shakes his head. Annoyed, Blackwell
smacks him across the face. Pangborn tilts his head.

PANGBORN (CONT'D)

You're lying.

Blackwell kicks him in the ribs.

LUKE

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

PANGBORN

Come on, I wanna see it. I wanna
see you turn.

Blackwell kicks him AGAIN.

LUKE

Don't do that.

Whack! He smacks him again. Luke's knuckles change ever
so slightly. We can see traces of bone and veins and hair
merging under the skin. But Luke takes a deep breath and
enters into some kind of meditative trance, summoning the
energy to not turn. Pangborn and Blackwell watch
intently, hoping to witness something they know is sure
to come...

PANGBORN

It's amazing how you still look
human.

Blackwell DECKS him. AGAIN. AND AGAIN. Bloodied and
bruised, Luke holds his ground.

Clary covers her mouth, struggling not to be heard
through her tears. Jace steps back, pulling Clary with
him. His head indicating the door.

(CONTINUED)

Blackwell grabs his WEAPONS one each hand and moves towards Luke about to deliver the killing blow.

Clary bumps into a bookshelf. Jace reaches to steady her. Too late... A BOOK FALLS TO THE FLOOR... BAM.

JACE

Run!

*

All three men look towards the direction of the sound. Blackwell gestures to Pangborn to get over there. He starts walking towards the sound.

Jace pushes Clary to the side. He jumps off a bookshelf to gain height and surprise attacks Pangborn with his sword and dagger flying at him through the air.

He stabs Pangborn who goes down, and then he grabs the whole bookshelf and topples it over him.

While all this happens Clary locks eyes with Luke who is very surprised to see her. She stares at him with tears in her eyes... Luke wants to explain.

LUKE

Clary... Listen...

Luke is trying to break the silver chains.

JACE

(to Clary)

Get out.

*

*

Jace pulls Clary through the store.

Jace sends Clary down the basement stairs and turns to wait for Blackwell. Jace has his dagger and sword drawn, so does Blackwell. Jace sees an open bear trap hanging on the wall with a cardboard sign "DON'T TOUCH". He kicks it, sending it right towards Blackwell's face who deflects it and the trap SNAPS around his arm. He goes down in pain.

*

*

Jace disappears down the stairs.

Simon hears a CRASH coming from inside. He rushes towards the bookstore. A police car pulls up. He turns back, glad to see them.

SIMON

Officer, excuse me, I know I have a very confusing complaint. But I'd like to report a public nuisance.

*

*

*

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
Well, he's a nuisance in private,
too. He's about this tall and
blond. I don't think it's real.
Anyway...

The policeman is a little distant and glassy eyed. He
keeps looking at the store while the other one waits
behind the wheel. Simon tries to make contact. *

SIMON (CONT'D)
Officer? Excuse me, officer?

Suddenly the door bursts open and Clary runs out. She
stops in her tracks facing the policemen.

CLARY's POV: The policeman is a DEMON with skeleton
hands. He reaches for Simon.

Clary screams.

CLARY
Run. *

Simon is about to protest, but Clary pulls him out of
reach before the policeman can snatch him. The cop goes
after them as Jace comes running out.

Jace does his signature jump via a mailbox and flies
through the air with two blades scissor-cutting into the
cop's torso. He disintegrates instantly.

Jace turns to find the other policeman about to step out
from behind the wheel. Jace jumps, slides across the hood
of the car, lands on the side and kicks the door shut so
hard it breaks the glass. The cop is stuck in the car
door. Jace does his signatory scissor move, cutting the
cop's head off while stuck in the car-door. Again, the
demon disintegrates.

Simon stares, dumbfounded, speechless.

SIMON
You killed two cops!

Jace grabs him and pulls him with him.

JACE
They weren't cops. And you're a
terrible, terrible lookout. *

They start running away.

44

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

44

A dilapidated cathedral. Busted windows, gate sealed with yellow CAUTION - NO TRESPASSING tape. Piles of trash surround it.

Jace, Clary and Simon sneak around a corner. Jace approaches the gate.

Suddenly, Clary sees a GLAMOUR shine through.

It's a magical illusion that makes the place MORPH into a vision: Soaring spires, perfectly maintained leaded windows, a shiny brass plate on the wall: THE INSTITUTE

Simon only sees a cathedral in ruins.

Jace stops at the elaborate gate. Takes out his Stele and inserts it into the lock. An intricate lock turns and moves.

The gate opens as Simon comes up to them.

JACE

You can't come in here.

SIMON

I am not leaving her.

Jace sees the determination and decides to let him inside.

A LATERAL TRACKING SHOT reveals that going through the gate, is also going through the GLAMOUR. It's like they're walking through a force field.

Simon comes on the inside of the gate and looks up, now he's also seeing the massive building.

POV Simon. The incredible building.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Wooow...

45

INT. THE INSTITUTE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

45

Jace double bolts the FRONT DOOR set along a wood panelled entryway leading to a wide STAIRWELL. It's a huge door inside an arched entryway.

Clary's white as a sheet, her breathing laboured. She reaches for the wound on her arm in pain, tries to speak but collapses. Jace catches her before she hits the floor. Alec runs down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

ALEC

Jace? What the hell is going on?

Jace ignores him. He takes her injured arm and looks at the wound, it's swollen, blue-green and clearly not a normal injury. Alec runs over and helps Jace get her comfortable on the floor.

JACE

It's a Ravener bite.

Simon starts panicking.

SIMON

Jesus. Clary. Jace - do something.

CLARY

It this the part where you start tearing off strips of your shirt to bind my wounds?

Jace looks at her, he can't believe she's making a joke. Although serious, he tries to reply with a light tone.

JACE

If you wanted me to rip my clothes off, you should've just asked.

Jace draws his Stele. A beam of light emanates from its tip. Alec grabs his wrist to stop him.

ALEC

It'll kill her. She's a mundane.

*

JACE

No she isn't.

*

He starts burning Clary's skin with the tip of the Stele. She passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

Clary peels her eyes open. Clary looks down to find herself in a bed along a LONG row of BEDS, still in her filthy clothes. Simon sits on one end, Jace stands by the head of her bed. She looks down at her arm and sees a HEALING RUNE TATTOO carved over the scar where the Ravener stung her.

CLARY

I passed out and you guys tattoo me? I thought that only happened in Vegas.

JACE
It's not a tattoo.

*

Simon jumps in with excitement.

*

SIMON
It's a rune. They have them for
everything. They make you
invisible, strong, they heal. Even
if you're hungry...

*

*

*

JACE
(interrupting)
No, you're an idiot. That the rune
had an effect on you explains why
you can see us.

*

CLARY
I don't get it.

JACE
Mundanes can't survive the
process. Runes are too strong for
them. So now we know you
definitely have Shadowhunter
blood..

*

SIMON
Wait... It wasn't definite before?

JACE
Well, it became definite when she
didn't die.

That leaves him thinking. The door opens breaking the
moment. Isabelle walks in with her usual self confidence
and a change of CLOTHES. She tosses them on the bed.

ISABELLE
Here, see if these fit. You're a
mess.

*

*

Simon stares at Isabelle, taken by her beauty. She turns
to Simon, pointing a finger at him flirtatiously.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
I saw you at Pandemonium.

Simon tries to pick his jaw up from the floor.

SIMON
I think I would have remembered.

She smiles seductively. He blushes. Then quickly offers
Clary a half embarrassed smile. She doesn't return it.
Instead she takes the clothes to change behind a PRIVACY
SCREEN. You can't see anything, but it's sexy.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON (CONT'D)
Shouldn't we call the cops? The
real ones.

JACE
Great idea. Why didn't we think of
that the past thousand years?

Alec enters, heading straight for Jace, shooting Clary a
sour look.

ALEC
Hodge is ready for her.

Clary steps out from behind the screen in Isabelle's
jeans and T-shirt.

CLARY
Hodge?

ALEC
He's in charge of the Institute.

Jace and Alec lead Clary along. Simon starts following, *
but Isabelle sidles up to him.

ISABELLE
He doesn't need to see you. Why
don't I show you around?

He isn't sure what to do, looks at Clary.

SIMON
Wait...

CLARY
It's okay.

Alec, Jace and Clary head down shadowy and infinite
hallways. Through half open doors, she glimpses at
countless rooms. Each with a bed, a night stand, a
closet. Very romantic with drapery. It's as if someone
had left recently. All empty. Off her quizzical look... *

JACE
Hundreds of Shadowhunters used to
seek asylum here. But right now,
we're the only ones. Without the
Cup, we're a dying breed.

They stop at a beautiful oil painting of the Angel
pouring his blood into a cup with soldiers around it.

ALEC

Either you're born of a
Shadowhunter or you drink from the
Mortal Cup.

*

Jace walks into a room. She follows.

A48 INT. THE INSTITUTE - CLARY'S ROOM - DAY

A48

From the door...

JACE

Use this room while you're here.

Jace leaves again. Clary is left alone in the wonderful room. She takes it in. If this was a fairy tale movie, this would be the room worthy of a princess.

Alec peaks back in.

ALEC

You coming?

*

*

*

ALEC (CONT'D)
Pretty far from Brooklyn, isn't
it?

*

*

*

48

INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - DAY

48

A circular room with a high glass dome ceiling. The walls are lined with leather and velvet bound books. Oriental rugs and antiques abound. The fireplace is lit.

*

JACE

Hodge may come across as a bit
eccentric. But he was one of the
greatest Shadowhunters ever.

*

*

*

*

They walk down a few steps. What looks like a huge SAFE
DOOR dominates the center of the room. Its a PORTAL.

*

Clary scours the books, curious. Alec whispers to Jace.

*

ALEC

Aren't we taking a huge risk here
bringing a total stranger into the
heart of the Institute?

*

*

*

JACE

I can't explain it but I think we
can trust her.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

ALEC
What about her mundane friend?

JACE
That was spontaneous.

ALEC
You being spontaneous usually ends
in disaster.

JACE
I promise they'll be out of here
in a day.

Jace walks away from the conversation. Just as Clary
stops, noticing ONE BOOK missing in the perfectly aligned
shelves. She turns to find it on a table, OPEN.

Clary picks up the open book, staring at a PHOTOGRAPH of
a much younger Jocelyn with Luke, Pangborn, Blackwell,
among others. All dressed in black leather, blades in
their hands. Jace stares at it over her shoulder.

From behind, a voice startles her.

HODGE (O.C.)
I see you recognize your mother.

Clary turns, distraught. There stands HODGE, 40, long,
gray-streaked hair, a thick scar running up his cheek.
Faded blue eyes. Pale and wrinkly.

HODGE (CONT'D)
(to Jace and Alec)
Can you give us a moment?

They leave. Clary turns to Hodge.

CLARY
I have so many questions...

HODGE
Yesterday you thought you were a
normal girl. Today you feel like
your world is upside down. There's
only one thing you need to know.
(beat)

All the stories are true.
Everything you've heard about
monsters, the nightmares, the
legends whispered by campfires.
They're all real. Real and
terrifying.

49 INT. THE INSTITUTE - RELIC ROOM - DAY 49

A scary close-up of a werewolf.

SIMON
Demon?

We pull back and see the room is like a museum. The walls and ceiling are old with ornamented carving.

ISABELLE
No. Werewolves aren't demons. We have a truce with Downworlders.

SIMON
Downworlders? Is that everyone below 14th Street?

Isabelle half laughs, getting a kick out of him.

ISABELLE
Downworlders pretty much sums everything up. Vampires. Werewolves. Warlocks.

SIMON
Warlocks. Cool. So how do you kill a zombie?

ISABELLE
We don't.

SIMON
(pretending he knows)
Of course. They're already dead.

ISABELLE
No. They don't exist.

SIMON
Oh.

He looks at a graphic of different creatures. The beautiful old drawing is inside a glass case, like one would keep the declaration of independence.

SIMON (CONT'D)
How many demons are there?

ISABELLE
More than stars in the sky.

SIMON
So, you see this as a long-term project.

(CONTINUED)

ISABELLE
It gives us something to do at
night.

SIMON
No demons during the day?

ISABELLE
Direct sunlight hurts them unless
they take human form. *

SIMON
No rest for the weary.

He reaches out to touch a CREATURE. *

ISABELLE
Don't touch that!!!

Startled, he pulls his hand back. She smiles, shaking her
head at her own joke.

Hodge turns the page to another group PHOTO of the
Academy. We recognize a young Luke and Jocelyn. A
handsome, tall man, holds his arm around Jocelyn. Clary
looks at him closer and reads the caption: VALENTINE
MORGENSTERN.

CLARY
My mom and Valentine were friends?

HODGE
You could say that. They were
together at the Academy.

He smiles and looks at her. She understands.

HODGE (CONT'D)
Your mother was one of the best.
Strong. Beautiful. Then she just
vanished into thin air. We all
thought she was dead.

(beat)
And to think she was living right
under our noses all these years.
Knowing she's alive is a victory
for the Shadow World.

She looks at him. How is he so sure?

HODGE (CONT'D)
Valentine is not after her. He
wants the Mortal Cup.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY

Why does he think my mother has
it? I mean, why would she?

Hodge walks her over to a statue of an angel. It's a morbid statue with lots of spiky details and skulls and bones surrounding it. It's so intricate it's hard to make out what's what. But we can see a full sized angel holding a cup and a sword. (KRIS KUKSI SCULPTURE)

HODGE

Over a thousand years ago demons learned a way to thin the veil between the worlds and began to invade ours. Forces of evil, stronger than anything we'd seen were winning as humanity was dying. The Crusaders summoned an angel. The Angel Raziel.

The STATUE goes into a beautiful ANIMATED SEQUENCE.

Out of a watery surface rises an androgynous angel. The sequence is very stylized. The ANGEL RAZIEL stands on the mirrorlike surface holding the MORTAL CUP in one hand and the MORTAL SWORD in the other.

Raziel cuts his PALM with the sword. His blood flows freely into the Cup. A group of WARRIORS step forward to drink from it.

HODGE

The angel poured his blood into the Cup, and those who drank from it became half angel, half human. Warriors, strong enough to restore the balance, and to forever protect humanity in a war against inexplicable evil. A war that must be fought but can never be won.

RUNE TATTOOS cover the warriors arms. They rip through DEMONS with otherworldly force, power, speed and precision.

Hodge walks over to a painting of the angel pouring his blood into the Cup. His words are emotional, full of melancholy, pain and passion.

(CONTINUED)

HODGE

We live knowing every breath could
be our last. The Mortal Cup gave
us hope we would live on forever.
Even if bloodlines were broken,
and generations died out, we
always had the ability to create
more...

*

*

CLARY

Shadowhunters.

She gets it. Hodge looks at her. Clever girl.

CLARY (CONT'D)

Why would she have something so
important?

HODGE

Almost twenty years ago, Valentine
became an enemy of the Clave.

His eyes go to a painting of a big group of hooded men.

HODGE (CONT'D)

The keepers of the Cup. Valentine
intended to seize the Mortal Cup.
And like all zealots he drew a
radical following called the
Circle.

*

*

*

He shows her a simple, ancient diagram with illustrations
of the different creatures.

HODGE (CONT'D)

The Circle regarded Shadowhunters
as a superior race. He believed
the Cup should allow us to rule
the world, not just protect it.
All Downworlders should be
slaughtered, and mundanes left to
die like cattle. Your mother took
the Cup so that wouldn't happen.

*

*

*

Clary's shoulders drop in frustration.

CLARY

But if she's the only one who
knows where it is...

HODGE

Maybe she isn't. Maybe she told
someone else. Someone who doesn't
even know she knows.

Clary looks at him. Realizing...

A54 INT. INSTITUTE - RELIC ROOM - DAY

A54

Simon looks at a glass case holding a replica of the Mortal Cup. A red stone shines at its center.

SIMON
That's the famous Cup everyone's talking about?

ISABELLE
A replica. But yes.

He moves along inspecting the room.

SIMON
Jace has got some chip on his shoulder.

She turns to him, surprised he just said that.

ISABELLE
You would too if you saw your father murdered when you were ten. After that he came here to live with us. If it weren't for him we'd be dead. He's saved our lives more times than I'd care to admit.

Simon nods, sorry to hear it.

54 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

54

The contours of the NYC skyline peak above a hilltop.

Below, the gravestones stand like the living dead amidst a dense fog. Jace and Clary appear out of the fog.

CLARY
Why didn't Hodge come with us?

JACE
He hasn't left the Institute in 18 years. Some say it's a spell.

CLARY
He's agoraphobic.

They make their way towards a group of a SIX tall, pale and skinny MEN. Some have their collars or coats turned up, others wear scarfs, all hide their mouths. They wear dark glasses. But otherwise, they look normal. One even has a bike.

Jace tells Clary to wait and walks over to them. He greets BROTHER JEREMIAH. They talk and go back to Clary.

(CONTINUED)

Off Clary's worried look.

*

JACE (CONT'D)
It's okay. It won't be that bad.

*

*

CLARY
So, you've done this before?

*

*

JACE
No.

*

*

She stops. He continues walking through ROW upon ROW of vaulted tombs. A RUNE set in each. Clary cranes her neck, marvelling by its haunting beauty.

*

*

They arrive at a circular room with a domed ceiling. Etchings carved around it. Each one ends in a seat against the wall. At the center is a symbol of intersected circles. Brother Jeremiah leans in.

*

BROTHER JEREMIAH
You have to stand in the middle.
The room's acoustic dome is
designed for you to hear them.

*

*

She positions herself in the center, on the circles. Above her an enormous silver SWORD points down: The hilt, outspread WINGS. The blade, RUNES. It's the MORTAL SWORD.

Jace stares up at the sword with reverence. Clary whispers.

*

*

CLARY
That's the Mortal Sword, right?

*

*

JACE
It's used during trials. It can
tell the truth from lies.

*

*

*

The SILENT BROTHERS have changed into long robes. Now there are a DOZEN of them. They each take a seat and lean their heads far back. Their sewn mouths point to the grove.

Clary nervously stands alone in the center of the domed room. Brother Jeremiah cups the back of her head. Her eyes fly wide open.

*

*

*

Suddenly, a DOZEN voices whisper in her head. Some smooth and monotone, others low and rough. A cacophony of whispers. Impossible to decipher but it has a mesmerizing effect. Clary gets dizzy, closes her eyes.

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Suddenly, her mind SNAPS... A whirlwind of IMAGES. Like reflections in tiny MIRRORS hang in the air. They come together like a PUZZLE... Each piece tells a STORY...

58 EXT. EASTERN EUROPE - COTTAGE - NIGHT 58

In shock, tears running down her cheeks, Jocelyn watches her cottage burn. BABY CLARY in her arms.

59 EXT. PARK - PARIS, FRANCE - DAY 59

Camera tilts down from the Eifel Tower to a 2 year old CLARY playing in a flower bed. Jocelyn watches. Suddenly, Clary reaches for a green FAIRY, tiny as a toothpick, buzzing through the air. Jocelyn sweeps Clary up in terror.

60 EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY 60

Jocelyn stands with little Clary in her arms in front of a LOFT BUILDING. A name written on the RINGER announces: *
MAGNUS BANE. *

61 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - NIGHT 61

Clary looks down the hallway. Luke stands at the door, green duffel bag at his feet. Jocelyn's visibly upset.

Suddenly, the images FALL like a shattered mirror.

62 INT. CITY OF BONES - CIRCULAR ROOM - AFTERNOON 62

Clary's eyes spring OPEN. She's on the floor, knees curled into her chest. Jace runs to her, worried.

The Silent Brothers stand and file out, giving up. Jeremiah makes his way to Clary. Jace looks up at him, worried.

JACE
What have you done to her?

Again, the omnidirectional whisper.

BROTHER JEREMIAH
The block is stronger than anticipated. It can only be undone by the one who put it there.

Clary's in a fragile state. She sits up.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY

But I have no idea who put it
there!

BROTHER JEREMIAH

You saw it written in your waking
dream.

She shakes her head, completely lost. Jace points to the
floor next to her.

JACE

Look, you wrote it.

Written on the dusty floor: BANE.

*

This is the room Clary stopped at earlier with Jace. It's
dreamy, decadent. Behind a dressing screen, Clary wiggles
into something tight.

CLARY (O.S.)

This is a top.

*

Isabelle looks on from the bed. She sighs.

ISABELLE

It's a dress.

Feeling exposed, Clary walks out from behind the screen.

CLARY

I can't pull this off.

Isabelle is encouraged by what she sees. Clary has the
body to wear the barely there, skin tight black dress.

ISABELLE

Actually, with the right shoes...

CLARY

No, I mean, I can't pull this off,
I'm stuck in this dress.

*

*

Clary walks over to the bed to find something else.

*

CLARY (CONT'D)

Don't you have something...

*

*

ISABELLE

If you go out looking like your
mundane self, we won't get within
a hundred feet of Magnus Bane.
He's the High Warlock of Brooklyn.
So stop complaining and sit.

(CONTINUED)

She gestures to the vanity. Clary complies and Isabelle readies her makeup. She stands behind Clary and looks at her reflection in the mirror.

CLARY
 That Alec guy doesn't like me very much.

ISABELLE
 That Alec guy is my brother.

A moment of silence.

CLARY
 Does Jace know how Alec feels about him? *

Isabelle swings Clary's chair around and stares at her. *

ISABELLE
 Is it that obvious? *

CLARY
 Is it that big of a deal? *

ISABELLE
 Not to me. But it is to the Clave.
 I don't make the rules. So,
 please, don't tell anyone.
 Especially Jace. *

Isabelle swings her back around. Pretends nothing happened. They look at their own reflections in the mirror.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 See? You look pretty.

Clary studies her reflection. Something she never does.

We're in a dark, classy corridor. A BOUNCER type is hanging out by the wall. There's a knock on the door. He walks over and opens a hatch.

SWISH-SWOSH, in a flash, the pointy light of a Stele draws a BLOCKING RUNE. It hangs in the air like a sparkler. *

The bouncer freezes, hypnotized. Jace's arm sticks in through the hatch. He opens the door from the inside.

Jace, Isabelle, Alec and Clary burst in passing the hypnotised bouncer. Simon is last, looking at the suspended, glowing rune, back to the trance like bouncer.

SIMON
I want one of those.

*

They arrive at an opening. Simon stops in his tracks, realizing what lays ahead. Clary stares at the most magical courtyard they've ever seen. Not to mention the weird people mixed in with the hottest of crowds.

*

CLARY
Which one is he?

*

*

Alec leans in to someone, asks something. The person leaves. Clary, dressed in a short black minidress, looks around.

CLARY (CONT'D)
How is being dressed like a hooker going to help me find my mother?

*

ISABELLE
Hey, they're my clothes, don't insult them. It's time you started using some of your natural feminine superiority. You look great. Doesn't she look great, Alec?

ALEC
She looks like someone whose phone number should be on a bathroom wall.

*

SIMON
You and I are going to have a problem.

Clary smiles, about to step into the courtyard, when Jace stops her.

JACE
Wait...

He pulls the pins from her hair. It cascades down her neck. Her heart skips. He smiles at her, softly.

JACE (CONT'D)
There. Much better.

Sparks fly between them. Simon glares.

(CONTINUED)

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Across the room, unseen by Jace and Clary, MAGNUS BANE stops in his tracks. (CLOSE UP) *

MAGNUS POV Clary amongst the Shadowhunters. *

We see Magnus go from serious to putting on a front as he strolls towards them making a cinematic star entrance. His pants are missing. His elegant jacket more than makes up for them. *

MAGNUS BANE
I don't remember inviting any
children of the Nephilim. *

Clary and the others turn. *

JACE
We need to talk. *

MAGNUS BANE
What, you're breaking up with me?
We just met. *

Jace doesn't budge. *

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
I see. Not funny. Okay,
Shadowhunters, I'll let you stay
but only because of the hot one. *

ISABELLE
Thank you. *

JACE
Thank you. *

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
I meant him...
(Points at Alec)
With the blue eyes. *

Alec is visibly startled. *

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
And because of Clary... Clary, you
come with me. *

Clary is too stunned to react, she just follows him. He
turns to the others. *

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
And you guys, try not to murder
any of my guests. *

Jace opens his jacket to show he's not packing. Magnus
nods an approval and walks Clary behind the fountain
towards a huge room in the back. Jace and Alec close
behind. *

(CONTINUED)

ALEC
So what's the occasion?

MAGNUS BANE
Chairman Meow's Birthday.
(Alec's puzzled)
My cat. He ran away... Fifty years
ago.

Alec laughs. Magnus turns and motions for Alec and Jace
to wait. Then takes Clary into his private corner.

They walk into an amazing room filled with fabrics,
paintings and artwork. Magnus' demeanor suddenly changes.
He drops the facade, softening.

MAGNUS BANE
Where's your mother?

She steps forward, angry.

CLARY
She's missing...

MAGNUS BANE
That explains it. In all these
years she'd never missed an
appointment. Every summer, she
brought you here.

Clary freezes, realizing what this means.

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
Not every spell turns out as
perfect as the one I did on you.
Your mind is so pure. What you
saw, you would forget. Even as you
saw it. It was exactly how she
wanted it.

Clary steps back.

CLARY
Take it off. I need to remember
everything I can. My mother's life
depends on it.

Magnus cups the back of her head. Her eyes fly wide open.
He steps back, shaking his head.

MAGNUS BANE
I wish I could, but I can't.
Consider it a vaccine against the
Shadow World.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
 It'll wear off over time. It's
 already wearing off, or you
 wouldn't be here.

The pain in Clary's voice deepens. She pleads.

CLARY
 I don't have time. My mother
 doesn't have time. Please. There
 must be *something* you can do.

Magnus thinks about it before going over to some
 PAINTINGS PILED IN A CORNER. Clary stares at them,
 stunned. They're Jocelyn's!

CLARY (CONT'D)
 It's you! You're the mystery
 buyer!?! *

MAGNUS BANE
 They tell her story. Go ahead,
 take a closer look.

Clary moves in, staring in fascination.

Isabelle hands Simon his drink. Each takes a sip, holding
 each other's gaze. A smile. He sets his drink down to
 enjoy a view of the wild crowd.

The Vampire Leader, a hot vampire, pulls out a VIAL from
 his leather jacket and hands it to one of his henchmen. *

VAMPIRE LEADER
 I've heard Shadowhunter blood
 tastes like sunlight. *

Isabelle rolls her eyes. *

ISABELLE
 Come on, make my job easy. Bite
 me. *

Seizing Isabelle's distraction, the vampire henchman
 slides up to the bar and pours a few DROPS into Simon's
 drink. It turns blue. *

VAMPIRE LEADER
 I think that counts as giving me
 permission. *

In a flash, her dagger is at his throat. *

ISABELLE
 I think this counts as not. *

VAMPIRE LEADER
 Some other time then.

*
 *
 *
 *

With that, the vampire leader is off. Simon takes a swig of his drink. Isabelle flicks her eyes over and notices Simon's drink is blue, she knocks it out of his hand.

ISABELLE
 Don't drink that!!!

Too late, she sees the slight movement of his throat as he swallows. The Vampire Leader and his CONVOY of VAMPIRES line up behind Simon. He sways, noticing the effects of the drink.

Isabelle reaches for him but the Vampire Leader is too quick for her. Simon falls back into his arms. Isabelle uncoils her gold whip.

The Vampire Leader drags Simon out with a fingernail like claw to his neck. Simon is drugged, unable to react. The convoy blocks Isabelle's access to him. There are too many for her to handle on her own. She turns around, desperately searching for back up but she can't find Jace or Alec. When she turns back, Simon's gone.

Clary stares at the paintings. Emotional. Moving her head sideways. Focusing. Her perspective changes. Suddenly, the paintings have depth like Rasterized 3D cards.

PAINTINGS:

- The green hill leading to the cottage on fire.
- Clary as a child reaching for a green FAIRY.
- Luke and his green duffel bag.

CLARY
 Why did you buy all of them?

MAGNUS BANE
 I'm sentimental. I knew she needed the money. Everyone thinks its so great to live forever. It's not. You bury everyone you love. Nothing much impresses you anymore. But you. I saw your potential. There was something special about you but then every year I had to erase that.

*
 *
 *
 *

Then she's thrown back by...

- A portrait of the soldier we saw in the cracked frame.

She pulls out the PHOTO of her father, the soldier. It's exactly the same portrait.

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)
He's a soldier who died in Iraq.
Jocelyn never even met the guy.
She was asked to paint his
portrait. But it was too painful
for the widow, she didn't want it.
So I bought it. She kept the
picture...

Clary stares at the photo in her hand.

CLARY
... so she could pretend he was my
father.

Magnus looks at her with great sympathy.

MAGNUS BANE
I'm sorry. Everything she did, she
did for you. Your mother's whole
existence, the running, the
hiding, the lies, were to keep you
safe.

*
*
*
*
*

Clary is tearing up.

CLARY
Is anything she ever told me true?

MAGNUS BANE
There's a treasure map inside your
head, Clary. Follow it and it will
take you to the truth.

Clary lets the photo fall from her fingers, distraught.

The door flies OPEN. Jace is in a panic.

JACE
They took Simon!!

*

CLARY
Who?

*

JACE
Vampires.

*

Clary freezes in horror. Jace pulls her away from Magnus.
But he holds her back to whisper.

*

MAGNUS BANE
 Just remember, it was them your
 mother was running from.

His eyes go to the Shadowhunters.

The Shadowhunters push their way through the dense CROWD.
 Clary is filled with dread.

*

ALEC
 We can't break into a vampire
 lair. We're demon hunters, not
 vampire hunters.

*
 *
 *

JACE
 Afraid Hodge will ground you?

*
 *

ALEC
 You keep doing this, you never
 learn.

*
 *

JACE
 Don't start again.

*
 *

ALEC
 You know the rules but you always
 break them and I always go along.
 One day, I'm not going to.

*
 *

JACE
 Fine. I have to go. You don't.

*

ISABELLE
 It's my fault. If you go, I go.

*
 *

ALEC
 Okay... But next time, you're on
 your own.

*
 *

They head out.

Alec and Isabelle guard the steps. Jace works the lock
 with urgency.

*

Only street light filters in. They make their way towards
 the altar through the pews. Isabelle and Alec branch out.

Jace places his hands on the stone floor in front of the altar and runs his fingers along every crack, every pattern, searching for something.

CLARY

What's this, some kind of deal you have with the Church?

JACE

Demons are all over the world, in their different forms. Greek daemons, Persian daevas, Hindu asuras, Japanese oni. Shadowhunters cleave to no single religion, and in turn all religions assist us in our battle. We could've just as easily gone for help to a Jewish synagogue or a Shinto temple or... Ah, Here it is.

*

He brushes the dust aside. Clary kneels down beside him. Carved into one of the stones before the altar is the NEPHILIM RUNE.

Jace puts his Stele into a hole in the floor by the rune. He rotates it.

Between the four, they move the slab aside to reveal a compartment below. In it, a long wooden box. Jace lifts the lid, inside neatly arranged objects.

CLARY

Wow.

Clary stares, enthralled as they stash their weapons. Isabelle straps on a thigh sheath. Alec, an ankle holster. Clary spots the Angel Raziel on one of the boxes.

*
**

CLARY (CONT'D)

So, what do you believe in?

*

JACE

I believe in myself. I know that my job is to kill demons. I don't have to believe in anything else.

*
*
*
*
*

CLARY

What about Raziel?

*
*

JACE

It makes for a nice story.

*
*

CLARY

But Hodge says...

*
*

JACE
(interrupting)
Yeah, Hodge, he needs to get out
more. I've been killing demons for
a third of my life. I've sent over
500 of them back to whatever
hellish dimension they crawled out
of. And in all that time, I've
never seen an angel.

He hands her a DAGGER with runes carved all over it. She
takes it, unsure. Then he gives her a captive bolt
pistol. A VAMPIRE GUN.

CLARY
I have no idea what to do with
this.

JACE
The bolt is made of cedar from
Lebanon. Holy ground. It must
pierce the heart. Here, let me
show you.

He tucks the dagger in her waistband. His fingers
accidentally brush her midriff. Her heart skips.

Then he slides behind her, wrapping his arms around hers.
His hands over hers, the gun clutched tightly.

JACE (CONT'D)
You have to press it against the
chest.

He pulls the trigger, BAM, the wood bolt/peg shoots out
to a full length. He puts her hand on a lever and starts
reeling it back. The wooden peg retracts into the pipe.

JACE (CONT'D)
Then you recharge. And you're good
to go again.

Suddenly, a door in the back OPENS. There stands a
PRIEST. Clary freezes like a deer caught in the
headlights. Jace locks eyes with the priest who nods a
"good-luck" and closes the door. A silent understanding.

A sign dangles from a loose nail on the once luxurious
Hotel DuMont. Someone painted an 'R' over the 'N'. Now it
reads, Hotel DuMort. Clary stares, scared.

CLARY
Hotel of death?

JACE
Can't say they don't have a sense
of humor.

Jace opens a door further down from the main entrance. He holds it for Isabelle and Clary. They slide in. Before Alec goes in, he looks intensely at Jace.

ALEC
What is it about her?

JACE
She's brave.

ALEC
We're Shadowhunters. We're all
brave. You can find brave
anywhere.

JACE
She wasn't raised like we were.
(he looks over at
Clary)
She's different.

Alec stares at him, knowing what "different" really means.

ALEC
She's going to get us all killed.

He slides inside. Jace follows.

JACE (V.O.)
Then we all go down in glory.

From the darkness, we distinguish a set of EYES.

PITCH BLACK. THUD. THUD. THUD. The sound of Clary's heart beat. A GLOW lights her scared eyes. It emanates from a stone in Jace's hand. Her eyes go to the light.

JACE
It's a witchlight.

NOTE: For this scene, the only source of light is witchlight. It's scary as hell. What we see is in FLASHES. Frantic, hand held camera movement.

Low ceilings, cracked concrete floors, vines twining up the walls, mazelike corridors, empty storage rooms, a ghostly kitchen.

Petrified, Clary holds her dagger in one hand, the gun in the other. Jace, Isabelle and Alec shield around her.

The staircase is GONE. Deliberately chopped away.

Alec drops unlit witchlights on the floor every couple of steps.

*
 *

Jace's witchlight shines on moldy stacks of linens piled high in rotted wicker baskets. They hide a set of STAIRS. Together they push the dusty linens aside. All come tumbling down in a plume of dust.

*

They head up the stairs.

Suddenly, a bloodcurdling scream comes from upstairs.

CLARY

Simon!

At the top, a door plate reads 'Lobby'. Jace pushes through it. Gripping her gun and dagger tightly, Clary follows. Isabelle and Alec close behind, blades raised.

The witchlight reveals a large foyer and a grand staircase leading into blackness. The lower steps gone.

They walk up the steps to the lobby. As the camera follows them in a tilt, we reveal the ceiling is filled with hanging VAMPIRES. Row upon row of dead white faces and red stretched mouths staring down at the Shadowhunters. Unbeknownst to them.

They turn the corner, searching.

Finally they reach a big open space. Clary sees something shocking...

Simon, tied up, arms outstretched, feet together, above an empty elevator shaft. He's chained with the wires hanging from the old elevator. Bare chested. His glasses gone. He groans with fear. Clary runs to him but can't reach him. He's just too far away.

Jace and Alec find some planks and lay them across the hole. Jace starts walking, on it. Clary pulls him back. She wants to go first.

She balances above the seemingly endless pit of an elevator shaft. And finally reaches him. He looks half dead. She pulls him by his hair and looks straight into his eyes. They are filled with fear, pain and tears.

CLARY

He's alive!

Jace and Alec balance on the planks as they untangle him.

Simon struggles to speak.

SIMON

Go. Get out.

She ignores him and uncoils the wire around his neck.

SIMON (CONT'D)

They don't want me. They want you.
They want the Cup.

*

*

Clary stops in her tracks and turns around. Jace and Alec also turn to realize, they're completely surrounded by vampires, lead by the Vampire Leader. His eyes on Isabelle.

*

*

VAMPIRE LEADER

You came all the way here just to
see me?

*

*

*

ISABELLE

Don't flatter yourself.

*

*

*

VAMPIRE LEADER

I thought we had a real moment.

*

*

*

ISABELLE

A moment is about all you've got
left.

*

*

*

Jace lifts Simon over his shoulder and balances his way backwards on the planks. The vampires attack. Alec and Isabelle hold them off, allowing Jace with Simon over his shoulder, and Clary, to get away.

The chase is on. Jace needs his weapons. He hands Simon over to Clary as they run through the dark corridors.

*

Alec uses his Stele to lite all the witchlights he's left behind. Suddenly, they all light up in succession.

*

*

Jace, Alec and Isabelle pull out the stuff they piled up in church and use it to fence off vampire after vampire with blinding speed.

*

Isabelle flanks them, whip swooshing through the air, guided by instinct, not sight.

With a SCREECH, the vampires launch at Clary. Some running, others leaping through the air. It's so dark it's hard to see. Jace manages to cut them off with his blade.

Suddenly Clary drops Simon. He falls. She reaches for him, but a vampire is already there. It charges Clary and "hugs" her, ready to bite. On the ground, Simon bites it in the leg drawing blood. *

She presses her gun against the vampire's chest and fires. BAM! It falls back. Dead.

Stunned, she starts to retract the peg into the pipe, wiping off the blood as it goes back in. She recharges just as another vampire jumps on her. BAM! She kills it, giving her time to lift Simon up again. He wipes the blood from the corner of his mouth. *

They run with the gun pointing out in front of her. WHACK. The Vampire Leader knocks it out of her hand.

Clary's POV: It slides across the floor and into a hole. She hears it echo as it disappears down the chute.

The Vampire Leader is coming for them.

Clary runs with Simon. Suddenly Jace back by their side.

B77

INT. HOTEL DUMORT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

B77

They're cornered in a big ballroom. A wall of vampires is coming at them. The Shadowhunters are ready. But are clearly outnumbered. The Vampire Leader smiles. Victory imminent.

Suddenly the windows EXPLODE inward. A shower of broken GLASS. Through it, dozens of WEREWOLVES.

The wolves crouch low and SNARL. The vampires, stunned, BACK AWAY. Then... the wolves CHARGE the vampires head on. Chaos ensues. A blur of fighting, teeth rip, claws tear... Fur and blood fly.

Clary, Jace, Alec and Isabelle stare, dumbfounded before tearing out of there.

The Vampire Leader's eyes are on Clary. He's about to reach her...

A WOLF launches forward to intercept him. Coat bristling, jaws gaping. It strikes the Vampire Leader square in the chest. Pinning him to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

B77

"The Mortal Instruments" PINK AUG. 17, 2012 64.
CONTINUED: B77

The wolf looks up at Clary. It has a grey stripe running from its head down its back.

She pulls her dagger.

From behind her comes a roar, galloping paws, a blur of fur as it leaps at her... She raises her dagger and releases it through the air with surprising strength. Wobbly but true, it STRIKES the wolf in the side. It falls to the ground with a GROAN.

The grey stripped wolf lets go of the Vampire Leader and runs to its fallen comrade. It catches Clary's eye, for a second. She runs.

C77

INT. HOTEL DUMORT - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

C77

Jace on one side, Alec on the other, with Simon's arms wrapped around their necks, race back down the dirty corridors. Clary and Isabelle in tow.

77

OMIT.

77

78

OMIT.

78

79

EXT. HOTEL DUMORT - ROOF/ADJACENT ROOFS - NIGHT

79

BANG! A door is kicked open and they all come out.

Jace bolts the door shut. Alec holds Simon up. Isabelle helps him. Clary gasps for air. The New York City skyline glows ahead.

CLARY
Must be a fire escape somewhere.

They run to the edge of the building and peer down. The fire escape is a twisted hunk of junk.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Or not...

BANG! The door SHUDDERS. The KNOB jerks wildly.

Jace throws Simon on his back and takes off running towards a staircase leading up towards a higher level near a billboard. Isabelle and Alec catch up.

Clary turns, SIX VAMPIRES COME AT THEM. The Vampire Leader at the head. There's a loud ROAR of werewolves and vampires fighting inside.

(CONTINUED)

Jace struggles to get Simon up the narrow steps. Clary stumbles and falls. Alec and Isabelle wait for her. The Vampire Leader is almost on her.

A80 EXT. UPPER ROOF - NIGHT

A80 *

Although still in shade, dawn approaches on the horizon.

Isabelle runs to help Clary back on her feet. They reach Alec, tries to help Clary up.

Isabelle stays behind fencing off the Vampire Leader with her whip.

Alec manages to finally pull Clary up on the roof, but a vampire jumps and pulls on her feet. Clary screams. Jace drops Simon and runs over. Alec and Jace help pull Clary up again, dragging the vampire with them. The early morning sunlight hits its hands and parts of its face. It burns him. SCREAMING, it lets go of Clary.

The vampires fall back. Within seconds, they're all inside again. WHAM. The door shuts and it's quiet.

The Shadowhunters get up on their feet in the early morning sun. Totally exhausted.

Clary rushes to Simon, grimy, his glasses missing. He pushes himself up, confused. Then touches Clary's face, a moment of gratitude. He throws his arms around her, pulling her in tight. A WHISPER...

SIMON

Don't let go.

She holds him, eyes closed. Jace turns away, jealous. Alec shakes his head. That was close.

80

INT. THE INSTITUTE - INFIRMARY - AFTERNOON

80

Clary is drawing on a sketch pad on her lap. It's Jace, standing on the roof of the DuMort. Wings arch from his back. She's at Simon's bedside. He's asleep, his foot bandaged, the rest of him bruised and scratched.



Simon opens his eyes. They land on Clary. He watches her for a few beats. Enjoying her not knowing he's staring at her. Then she looks up at him and smiles.

SIMON

How long was I out?

CLARY

All day. I found your glasses. One of the lenses cracked.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

She hands him his glasses. He puts them on, frowns and takes them off. *

SIMON
How weird. I don't seem to need them anymore...

He lays them on the night stand. She scoots him over to make room for herself on the bed next to him.

CLARY
You okay?

SIMON
Yeah. That was crazy. All I remember is waking up, hanging there, with those freaky vampire faces staring at me. And then you showed up. You came after me. You could have gotten killed, but you came after me...

It's hard for him to finish. She turns serious.

CLARY
Simon, you would've done the same. *

A moment of silence. He looks up at her.

SIMON
Listen, I know I've always been the one who needed you more than you needed me...

She interrupts sharply.

CLARY
That's not true.

Calm, he looks her straight in the eye.

SIMON
It is. But I never cared. Half of your attention is better than all of anyone else's.

She rests her hand on his.

CLARY
All I've ever had is mom, Luke and you. After what we've been through, I can't loose you. Don't ever imagine you aren't important to me. Don't even say that, okay? *

He smiles, satisfied. Clary lays back next to him. Shoulder to shoulder.

She throw's her leg over Simon's good leg. He smiles, it's a comfortable feeling. Years in the making. A few beats. She reaches over and kills the light. Simon dozes off.

Clary hears the faintness of BACH. She turns to Simon, he's fast asleep, lips parted. She wanders into the hallway.

81 EXT. THE INSTITUTE - ARCHWAY - AFTERNOON

81

Clary searches for the source of the music. From behind, Alec's voice.

ALEC
Clary! Can I talk to you for a
minute? *

She jumps, startled. He's cold and calm.

ALEC (CONT'D)
I want you to leave here. *

CLARY
What? *

ALEC
You almost got us killed, didn't
you? *

CLARY
I'm sorry, we had no choice. We
had to save Simon. And Jace... *

ALEC
(interrupting)
I know, Jace thinks he needs to
save the world. Sometimes I think
he wants to die trying, but that
doesn't mean you should encourage
him. *

CLARY
But, isn't this what you guys do? *

ALEC
Us, not you. We're a team. You
slow us down. You're dead weight.
A mundane. *

He spits that word out like an obscenity. It ignites a
feeling of pride in Clary that she's never known.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY
I'm not a mundane. And if you were
half as brave as you pretend to
be, you'd admit that...

ALEC
What?

CLARY
That you're in love with Jace, and
that's what this is about.

Alec moves fast. Clary's stunned to find herself shoved
against the wall. His face inches from hers. He whispers.

ALEC
If you ever say anything like that
again, I will kill you.

He releases her, jerking his hands away like her skin
burned. She watches him walk away, not happy with
herself. She could have handled that better.

Jace plays the piano, BACH. He finishes the piece and
grabs a remote. A video plays on a TV. An old clip of
Glenn Gould playing Goldberg Variations. Jace FREEZE
FRAMES it.

He plays the piano again. With angst, frustration,
struggling to get it right. Something boiling inside.
He's fighting his own emotions. He ends it with a
frustrated POUND on the keys.

Watching from the door...

CLARY
What did that piano ever do to
you? You play it like you've lost
your only love.

JACE
Unfortunately, my one true love
remains myself.

CLARY
At least you don't have to worry
about rejection.

JACE
Not necessarily. I turn myself
down occasionally, just to keep it
interesting.

CLARY
You do put a lot of passion into that.

JACE
That's the problem. It's supposed to be played with a simple representation of notes. With no interpretation.

CLARY
Music is supposed to have emotion.

JACE
Demons react to certain frequencies created when two tones cross. It drives them crazy. Bach discovered this and put it into a system.

She looks at the sheet music: Bach's Well Tempered Clavier. Symmetrical patterns. →

CLARY
So Bach is to demons what garlic is to vampires.

JACE
You can run out of garlic, but you can't run out of music.

Clary looks over at the big safe in the middle of the room.

CLARY
Is that where you keep all your treasures?

Jace walks through the archway towards the big, bronze safe. *

JACE
This is way more fun.

He opens the big and heavy door. Behind it is something that looks like WATER. Except it's vertical. Clary is fascinated by the floating reflective substance.

JACE (CONT'D)
It's a Portal.

She looks at her own reflection. She can only see herself, not the surroundings. She's completely taken by the vertical water surface.

(CONTINUED)

JACE (CONT'D)

Like the Bermuda triangle, it's a natural phenomenon. The Institute was built around it. Dimensions aren't all straight lines. There are dips and folds and nooks and crannies all tucked away. It's a bit hard to explain, but that door can take you anywhere in this dimension you want to go.

*
*
*

Clary steps closer to the Portal.

CLARY

So my mom...?

JACE

Don't. We spend all our lives training to use it. Visualizing where it will take us before we step into it. That takes enormous focus. If you don't know how to use it, you could end up in limbo, lost in your own mind. Never to be seen again.

He sticks his hand into the water surface.

JACE (CONT'D)

Let me show you.

And brings out a handful. He walks over to the other side of the room and "smears" a "hole" next to himself with the water. It's suspended in the air. She watches, mesmerized.

What happens next is the most magical thing Clary has ever seen. Jace sticks his hand into the "hole". It disappears, but directly re-appears right next to Clary's face. She reaches up, her fingers touch his.

Suddenly, he retracts his hand and the hole disappears.

JACE (CONT'D)

Come on. We have a birthday to celebrate.

*

CLARY

How did you know?

JACE

Research. When I was trying to find you.

She tries to hold back a smile, it's impossible.

A83 INT. THE INSTITUTE - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

A83

Simon wakes up. Clary is nowhere to be found. He slides out of bed and notices her open sketch pad. It's the drawing of Jace. Jealousy rises.

SIMON

Clary?

He limps out of the room.

83 INT. THE INSTITUTE - GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

83

Jace covers Clary's eyes with his hand. She takes a seat on the spiral staircase and he takes his hand away for her to see...

An enclosure of glass walls filled with exotic GREENERY looking out onto the Manhattan skyline. The silvery roof of the Chrysler building visible 50 blocks downtown.

CLARY

This is breathtaking.

JACE

We have the place to ourselves.

Jace grabs an apple from a nearby tree and sits next to a green shrub dotted with white flowers. Clary sits down next to him.

He pulls his knife from his pocket and carves out the top of the apple. He sticks a candle in it and lights it. He sets it down in front of them.

JACE (CONT'D)

Sorry there's no cake.

CLARY

I was expecting nothing. So this is great.

JACE

Everybody should get *something* for their birthday.

CLARY

What did you get?

JACE

Weapons, usually. I'm sure that doesn't surprise you...

He stops.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY
At this point, nothing really
does. *

Jace semblance goes dark.

JACE
When I was nine, my father gave me
a falcon... *

A84 EXT. ARCHWAY - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A84 *

JACE, 9, holds a FALCON. *

JACE (V.O.)
He told me to make it obedient. It
was nearly impossible to tame. But
I tried, all I wanted to do was
please my father. *

The silhouette of a man walks towards him. He rests his
hand on the child's shoulder. We see a ring with a 'W' on
it. *

B84 INT. THE INSTITUTE - GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

B84 *

Jace continues his story, somber. *

JACE
I was supposed to keep the bird
blind. But I couldn't bring myself
to. Instead I touched and stroked
its wings, day and night, until it
trusted me. Then I taught it to
circle and land on my wrist. It
was a magical feeling. I tamed it
to perfection and went to my
father, expecting him to be proud
of what I'd done. Instead he took
the bird and broke its neck. *

Clary reacts. What?

JACE (CONT'D)
He said: "I told you to make it
obedient. Instead, you taught it
to love you. Falcons are not meant
to be loving pets. They're fierce
and wild, savage and cruel. You
didn't tame it; you broke it."

Clary looks at Jace. Shocked.

CLARY
That's a terrible story.

(CONTINUED)

JACE

I cried all night and never cried again.

A beat. Clary looks up at him.

CLARY

Yet you can't play music without getting emotional. Did you ever forgive your father?

Jace shrugs.

JACE

I didn't need to, he did it to make me stronger. My father was a hero and the Circle killed him for it.

*
*
*
*

Clary looks at his ring. It's made of burnt silver with the letter W carved into it.

CLARY

Does that stand for Wayland?

He nods, somber. Suddenly, a long clanging BELL toll.

JACE

Midnight.

Jace stands, pulling Clary up.

JACE (CONT'D)

Look at this.

He stares at the closed buds on the shrub. They quiver and swell to twice their size. Then burst OPEN. Her face lights up. She looks up to find him gazing at her. She smiles softly. He stares at her, falling hard.

JACE (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday.

He pulls a small grey STONE from his pocket and hands it to her. Clary turns it over in her fingers.

CLARY

When girls say they want a big rock, they don't mean, literally, a big rock.

JACE

Every Shadowhunter should have their own witchlight.

*
*

She looks at it with renewed interest noticing a RUNE engraved in the center.

(CONTINUED)

The midnight flower sheds its petals. Clary stares up at Jace. He's so incredibly handsome. He feels her intensity and welcomes it. Still, it makes him nervous.

JACE (CONT'D)
We should probably go.

CLARY
(disappointed)
Okay...

She turns to leave. Her shoulder bumps his, he puts a hand out to steady her. She turns to apologize...

He pulls her in and KISSES her. Softly. He wraps both arms around her and draws her in against him. Their hearts pound. Bursting. With one hand he cups her face, tracing the curve of her cheekbones.

84

INT. THE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

84

They reach Clary's door. She leans against the wall and looks up at him. Her hand still in his.

JACE
You going to sleep?

CLARY
Aren't you tired?

JACE
I've never been more awake.

He bends to kiss her when the door opens. Simon stares, crushed. He steps back slowly closing the door. Clary spots him and intuitively leaps away from Jace.

CLARY
Simon! I thought you were...

Jace isn't happy over her reaction. Simon's pissed.

SIMON
Asleep? I was.

Clary struggles to justify this uncomfortable situation.

CLARY
Sorry, we were just...

She immediately feels stupid for explaining. Jace observes, wondering why she's apologizing.

(CONTINUED)

JACE

Next time, it might be a good idea
to mention that you already have a
man in your bed so we can avoid
such uncomfortable situations.

Simon looks shaken.

SIMON

You invited him to bed?

JACE

Ridiculous, isn't it? We would've
never all fit.

CLARY

I didn't invite him into bed. We
were just kissing.

Jace's tone mocks hers with false hurt.

JACE

How swiftly you dismiss our love.

CLARY

Jace!

She re-adjusts herself.

CLARY (CONT'D)

Simon, it's late. I'm sorry we
woke you...

SIMON

So am I.

He stalks back into the room and slams the door. Jace's words are full of sarcasm and hidden disappointment.

JACE

Go ahead. Go after him. Tell him
how sorry you are. Remind him how
special he is.

CLARY

Stop it. Stop acting like that.

He smiles defiantly.

JACE

Like what?

CLARY

Like nothing ever hurts you.

(CONTINUED)

JACE

You should have thought of that
before you kissed me.

CLARY

I kissed YOU?

*

JACE

Don't worry, it wasn't that
special for me either.

*

He turns and walks away. She watches him, furious,
fighting the urge to run after him and hit him. Instead,
she walks back into her room.

85

INT. THE INSTITUTE - CLARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

85

Simon is holding her sketch pad, staring at the drawing
of Jace. He tosses it on the bed and heads for the door.

CLARY

Where you going?

SIMON

Home. It's clear I overstayed my
welcome.

*

She desperately tries to hold him back.

CLARY

Look, I'm sorry, okay? It wasn't
like it was planned.

*

SIMON

Let me guess. It just happened.
Please. You've been flirting with
him since you met.

CLARY

I know you don't like him...

SIMON

Actually, I HATE him. There's a
huge difference.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I thought you were better than
that.

Clary's temper flares.

CLARY

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

*I'm the one who's always been
there for you. Not him.*

CLARY

*So what? You've been drooling over
Isabelle. That doesn't bother me.**
*

SIMON

Well, it was supposed to.

CLARY

What do you mean?

SIMON

*I was doing it to make you
jealous.*

CLARY

Why...?

SIMON

*Because I'm in love with you!**(beat)**But it's clear you don't feel the
same way.*

She's speechless. Then opens her mouth to speak...

SIMON (CONT'D)

Don't. There's nothing to say...

*

He walks to the door. His hand on the knob...

SIMON (CONT'D)

*And Clary, Jace is just using you
to get the Cup.*

*

Ouch. That hurt. He walks out, leaving the door open.

Close on an open book of RUNES.

Illuminated by witchlight, Clary tries to copy the runes in her sketch pad. She concentrates and lets her pen do the drawing. When she finishes a rune, it quickly glows around the edges before it becomes a normal drawing.

*
*

She takes a sip of tea while staring at the next rune she'll draw. She puts the cup down on her sketch pad to take a closer look at the rune.

Shortly after she reaches for her cup, but her hand waives in the thin air. Nothing.

Clary looks at where she put the cup down, and in her POV: We see the cup is still there. But her hand can't grab it!

The camera tracks and reveals that the cup has turned into a perfect drawing, that looks 3D from her vantage point, but is actually 2D.

She stares at it bewildered. Then points her hand straight down and REACHES INTO THE DRAWING....

SHE PULLS THE CUP OUT AGAIN.

Stunned, she stares at the mug in her hand. She looks at the sketch pad, then at the mug. She slides it back into the sketch pad again.

HODGE (O.C.)
 Your mother was the only other person who could do that. *

Clary turns to find Hodge at the door. She's still in shock. He walks towards her. Clary turns, surprised by her ability.

CLARY
 But I've never been able to do that before.

HODGE
 Apparently, the block was not only repressing your memories but your abilities. *

Without a word, she grabs her sketch pad and runs out.

Hodge stands there looking at where she left. A door slams in the distance. He waits another moment, then quickly grabs a piece of paper and a pen. HUGO, a Raven, lands on the desk next to him.

Spartan room. Tidy. Bare of pictures. Cold. The sound of SEARING. FLESH BURNING. Smoke rises from Jace, hunched over, carving an EQUILIBRIUM RUNE on his forearm with his Stele. He finishes in time to see the raven cross the NYC skyline outside his window. An ominous thought... *

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Knocking on the door. He hauls himself up from bed to open it, only wearing PJ bottoms.

There stands Clary. Heart pounding, full of excitement. He eyes her sketchbook, still not over their fight.

JACE

Don't tell me. You have a drawing emergency. You need a nude model. I'm not in the mood.

Not amused, she raises her voice.

CLARY

Just shut up and listen. *

She pushes past him right into his room.

CLARY (CONT'D)

I know where my mother hid the Cup.

88

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MADAME DOROTHEA'S - MORNING 88

Madame Dorothea is working in her little garden out front, when suddenly there's a noise coming from inside. Something's knocked over. She looks at the open door, resting her shovel against the railing.

MADAME DOROTHEA

Hello?

SPLAT! Something wet hits the window. A scream. Then quiet.

89

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

89

Bright HEADLIGHTS. A train roars out of a tunnel. It makes its obligatory stop. Doors open, PEOPLE step off, others on. It pulls out again, gone.

From the tunnel emerge Isabelle, Alec, Jace and Clary. They hop up onto the platform. They head up the steps towards the street.

90

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - STREET - DAY

90

They turn a corner. Clary's eyes quickly go to her house. She heads towards it, full of purpose.

Eric, Simon's poet friend, crosses the street, bumping into Clary. To him, she's alone. He can't see the others.

ERIC

Hey Clary, how's it...

She practically brushes past him.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY
Sorry, can't talk right now.

Eric is left with the words on his lips. Bothered, he continues walking while texting Simon: BUMPED INTO CLARY @ HER HOUSE. BLEW ME OFF. RUDE DUDE... Suddenly he bumps into Isabelle. But she's invisible to him. He looks around to see what hit him.

The door opens slowly, Jace peeks in. Scans the entrance. All clear. They move across the entryway stepping carefully. Jace signals for Alec and Isabelle to check upstairs.

Clary knocks on the fortune teller's door. Jace's clutches his dagger.

After a beat, the door opens. Dorothea stands there in swaths of green and orange, happy to see her.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Clary...

CLARY
I'm here for the Tarot cards. I need them.

Clary tries to enter, but Dorothea stops her at the door. Her eyes on the hilt of a SWORD peaking out of Jace's jacket.

*
*
*

MADAME DOROTHEA
Those stay outside. This is a peaceful home. Put them in there.

She points to an umbrella stand in the foyer by the front entrance. Clary walks over and stashes her dagger into the stand. Jace doesn't move. Clary looks at him.

CLARY
It's okay...

Hesitant, he acquiesces. ONE by ONE he pulls them out. Seraph blade, sword... All go into the stand.

*
*
*

JACE
Yeah, I traveled light today.

Weapons drawn, Alec and Isabelle enter the dark and smelly space. Everything is just the way it was left.

(CONTINUED)

Broken glass, furniture toppled over, curtains and pictures torn. They slowly look around.

Clary wastes no time. She grabs the cards from Dorothea while Jace hovers, sensing something strange about Dorothea. All the curtains are closed and a chair is lying on it's side.

JACE
How you doing today, Madame
Dorothea? *

The Seeress' eyes don't move from the cards in Clary's hands.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Fine. Just fine.

Jace slowly moves to the piano. Dorothea steps back to the door and LOCKS it without the others noticing. Clary finds the card with the Mortal Cup painted on it and sets the others on the table.

Dorothea's eyes jump from Clary to Jace.

Alec and Isabelle stop in the hallway. Alec pulls out a small box and sprinkles a handful of iron dust around.

It hardly hits the floor. Instead it's whisked away by some invisible magnetic force across the room headed straight for a closed door. The whole "puddle" of iron dust disappears underneath it. It's gone.

Alec and Isabelle look at each other knowingly: A demon!

They move towards the door, weapons at the ready. Alec's hand is on the handle. Isabelle mouths one-two-three...

Alec opens the door, they race in, ready to kill...

NOTHING. It's empty.

They look down at the floor, the puddle of iron dust moves around, pulled by a magnetic force below. Its movement synchronized with the sound of footsteps and Dorothea's vague voice.

95 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MADAME DOROTHEA'S - DAY 95

Clary is staring at the card intently, gearing up to do this. Madame Dorothea moves around her, trying to get a closer look.

Jace plays the first notes of BACH Goldberg variation. Dorothea side glances him. A shiver.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Please don't. It's out of tune.

Jace ignores her. Dorothea shifts nervously.

96 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - JOCELYN'S - DAY 96

Alec and Isabelle look at the iron dust as the music rises from below. For every note, the pile of dust spikes, sticking out, "reacting" to it.

Isabelle and Alec race out.

97 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MADAME DOROTHEA'S - DAY 97

Clary's heart is pounding hard. She wipes her sweaty palm against her pants, then slowly reaches into the card.

INSERT

Her fingers grip the Cup.

Clary smiles. It works. Dorothea is fascinated.

Jace keeps an eye on Dorothea while playing very carefully. Dorothea starts shaking.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Stop. *

Clary pulls OUT THE MORTAL CUP FROM THE CARD. She slides the Tarot card into her pant pocket.

Everyone stares at it in amazement. Madame Dorothea cocks her head.

98 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - FOYER - DAY 98

Alec and Isabelle jump down the steps, three at a time. Alec reaches for the door. But it's locked. They hurl themselves against it with a THUD.

99 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MADAME DOROTHEA'S - DAY 99

Madame Dorothea steps forward, her hands outstretched. A strange blankness in her eyes.

MADAME DOROTHEA
Let me have a look.

Jace plays faster, louder. The music makes Dorothea's eyes roll in her head.

Suddenly, Dorothea's face cracks open and a CREATURE erupts from within. From her HANDS SPROUT CLAWS TIPPED LIKE RAZORS. They're HUGE.

Clary screams. Jace reaches for his weapon, but it's not there. Dorothea grows to twice her size. She's become a nine foot tall grater DEMON named ABBADON. It's flesh filthy. Its fingers skeletal. Arms full of dripping black SORES. Worms fall from them. It's face SKULLISH.

Clary runs for the door. Abbadon lashes out, thrusting her against the wall. The demon jumps towards Clary, reaching for the Cup. Jace throws the piano stool at it but the demon catches it and throws it away. Abbadon grabs Jace and throws him all the way through the room into the back. He crashes into the kitchen. Knocked out.

100 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - FOYER - DAY 100

Alec and Isabelle hurl themselves at the door. CRASH.

101 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MADAME DOROTHEA'S - DAY 101

Abbadon moves forward, eyes on the Cup in Clary's hands. The amoeba arm with teeth reaches out for Clary.

Suddenly Alec and Isabelle burst in. Alec goes down on his knees, and Isabelle uses him as a stepping stone to jump high in the air and flick her whip...

The whip wraps around the tentacle that's about to consume Clary's head. And Isabelle pulls it back as Alec goes into full attack mode. He slashes his weapon side to side, slicing gashes into the creature.

Isabelle darts forward, flicking her whip out again, striking the demon's grey hide.

Abbadon SWINGS its vicious bone talons lifting Alec off his feet and hurling him against the far wall. CRUNCH. The sound of bones, pulverized. Alec slides to the floor.

Abbadon deals Isabelle a backhanded BLOW. WHAM. It sends her spinning to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

She pushes up, coughing blood. The demon KNOCKS her down again. This time, she lays still. She's out.

All three Shadowhunters are down. Clary backs up. Alone against the demon. Her back hits the wall. She's trapped.

The demon reaches for the Cup. Clary shields it with her body and ducks under its outstretched arms. She runs for the front door.

Abbadon turns, angered and claws her back. Still, she won't let go of the Cup. The demon HOWLS in a fury. And gouges Clary's hands, ripping the Cup away from her. Clary screams in frustration.

The demon looks at it, and quickly MORPHS back into Dorothea. Clary stares, stunned, silent. Dorothea smacks Clary across the face. Knocking her out.

Then stretches her back, adjusting herself back into position. She puts the cup into a bag and heads out. Clary slowly comes to her senses.

In the doorway Dorothea grabs the handle on the side of the old piano and pulls it with one arm across. Blocking the door. The piano is so tall it goes almost all the way up to the top of the door, closing any exit.

Dorothea makes her way towards the front entrance to find Simon in the threshold, smiling at her. She walks slowly towards him, like an old lady. She looks normal.

SIMON

Can I help you with your bag?

Dorothea abruptly clutches her bag. Simon steps back, halfway in the street, to make room for her to step out. Suddenly, he sees Clary banging on Dorothea's side windows. Shouting hysterically. Inaudible, he tries to decipher what she's saying...

CLARY

Simon, she's a demon! Run! Get out of here!!!

Simon turns to Dorothea, coming at him, smiling wide. Suddenly her eyes go black for a second. Simon notices.

Clary screams, HYSTERICALLY through the glass.

CLARY (CONT'D)

RUN!

(CONTINUED)

A moment of doubt, hesitation, then Simon slowly REACHES for something, anything. He picks up the SHOVEL that Dorothea leaned against the railing!!!

He SWINGS it at Dorothea with all his force. WHAM. He hits her in the FACE! Thrusting her back into the lobby. She lands hard against the stairs.

A103 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - FOYER

A103

Jace and Isabelle move the piano aside. He stumbles into the hallway.

Simon spots him, drops the shovel, reaches for Jace's sword in the umbrella stand, and throws it to him.

SIMON
 Jace!

Jace catches the sword, does his signature jump and lands as he slices into Dorothea's torso.

Dorothea, the demon, FOLDS in on itself. Its legs collapse into its torso, its skull crumples. It vanishes, leaving only scorch marks.

Astonished, Simon stands, not sure what he's looking at. Clary runs to grab the Mortal Cup from the ground. She holds it, staring at the key to her mother. A bittersweet moment. Then slides it back into the Tarot card. Simon  watches amazed.

Isabelle makes her way to her brother's side. Jace desperately tries to use his Stele to heal Alec but it's not working. Every time he draws a rune, it vanishes into Alec's skin. He's in bad shape. Isabelle bends over her brother, her arms wrapped around him.

ISABELLE
 Alec... Alec please, wake up.

JACE
 The runes aren't working. The demon poison is too strong.

Clary sees something she's never seen in JACE: Panic.

103 INT. THE INSTITUTE - INFIRMARY - EVENING

103

They place the unconscious Alec on a bed. Jace and Isabelle rush around opening containers of mysterious substances, pulling stuff out of drawers. Isabelle throws Simon a coil of bandages.

*
 *
 *
 *

(CONTINUED)

ISABELLE
Unwrap these. *

Simon starts unwrapping bandages. Clary steps forward to do something to help. Isabelle stops her. *

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Don't. You've done enough. *

JACE
Why would you say that to her? *

ISABELLE
You're right, this is your fault. *

She opens the lid, furious. He's horrified, knowing it truly is his fault. *

JACE
Isabelle... *

ISABELLE
Alec kept telling you that you were going to get hurt, that you were going to get us all hurt. And now he's the one dying. *

JACE
We needed to get the Mortal Cup. *

ISABELLE
There were other ways to do it than getting your best friend killed. *

Alec starts choking. Isabelle runs over to him. *

JACE
Get Hodge. *

Clary nods but hesitates. She whispers. *

CLARY
I never wanted anything to happen to Alec. I'm sorry. *

Jace doesn't answer. She runs out. Isabelle is by her brother. Jace comes up next to her. *

JACE
But we agreed to do this together, we're a team. We do everything together. *

Calm, Isabelle turns to him, no longer angry. *

*
*
*
*

ISABELLE
Since Clary got here we haven't
been a team. You put her above
everything else.

Clary rushes in.

CLARY
Hodge?

She comes down the steps to the lower level and notices
the door to the Portal is open.

CLARY (CONT'D)
(more concerned)
Alec needs...

Hodge comes out of the shadows towards her.

HODGE
Did you get it?

CLARY
Alec is getting worse...

HODGE
(interrupts)
I know. I've already sent for
someone. Did you get the Cup?

Clary produces the Tarot Card slides it across the table.
It lands in front of Hodge.

Clary walks over to him, reaches into the card and pulls
out the MORTAL CUP with ease. She holds it in front of
Hodge like a trophy.

INSERT SHOT: The Cup in the card is gone.

Hodge stares at it. She hands it to him and he carefully
takes it. It practically glows in his hands. He walks
over to a window to get a better look in the moonlight.

HODGE (CONT'D)
The Mortal Cup. I never thought
this day would come.

CLARY
Now how do we find my mother?

Hodge doesn't answer too mesmerized by the Cup.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, Clary is interrupted by drops of water falling on her from the walkway above. She looks up to find more drops falling, its trail moving towards a staircase.

SILENCE is broken by STEPS... They ECHO as they come down the iron staircase revealing a tall man in a tailored suit. Clary looks from the drops of water coming off his shoes to the Portal.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Hodge, what have you done?

It's VALENTINE MORGESTERN. She looks at Hodge, he's full of shame.

HODGE
I'm sorry, Clary.

VALENTINE
My God, you look so much like her.

He walks over to Hodge, who willingly gives him the Cup. Valentine licks his finger and runs it over the edge of the Cup - it makes a zingy tone. Beautiful and clean.

CLARY
Hodge!

VALENTINE
I knew you would get me the Cup,
Clary. It was just a matter of
time.

CLARY
Where's my mother?!?

Valentine nods towards the Portal.

VALENTINE
She's fine.

Clary looks at the Portal and sees:

Jocelyn reflected in it. She looks like a Sleeping Beauty floating in the middle of a room.

Clary moves in closer to her mom, riveted.

CLARY
You got what you wanted. Now let
her go.

He looks at her, puts the Cup down and grabs a dagger. With a swift CUT, he slashes the palm of his hand and holds it over the Cup. His blood trickles into it.

VALENTINE

I need to make sure you brought me
the real one.

He looks into the Cup as his blood drips in.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Everyone wants the Cup for the
wrong reasons.

CLARY

And you don't?

VALENTINE

We have fought the darkness so
long we have fallen in love with
the shadows. The lines are blurry.
With the Cup we can restore that.
Purify. Keep our race alive.

CLARY

You might not know much about
mundane history, but I can tell
you when people start talking
about preserving race and
cleansing bloodlines, it never
goes well.

INSERT

The blood moves like mercury to form a RUNE. The one
Clary has been drawing. Then it sinks into the porous Cup
and disappears. Seconds after it starts to fill itself.

Once Valentine is satisfied, he carries the Cup over to
Clary.

CLARY (CONT'D)

That's why my mother spent her
whole life hiding it from you.

VALENTINE

No. She wasn't hiding the Cup. She
was hiding you.

He holds the Cup out for her to drink.

CLARY

I'm not drinking that.

VALENTINE

There's no need to be afraid.
You've been drinking it since
before you were born.

Clary doesn't understand.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
I fed it to your mother when you
were in her womb.

She hesitates, then takes the Cup, reluctant. She stares
into it.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
You must have guessed by now.

Clary's eyes go to her mom's reflection in the Portal.
It's gone. They glide to Hodge's desk, on it, the open
book with the photograph of Jocelyn and Valentine. She
stares back into his eyes, fighting it, shaking her head.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
All these talents you have. The
ones your mother so desperately
tried to suppress. Where do you
think they come from? You're my
daughter. My blood runs in your
veins.

*
*
*

Clary'S HORROR. PANIC. Fighting the tears...

*
*
*

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
Come on. Drink.

*
*
*

She lifts the Cup to her lips... Suddenly she PUSHES the
Cup back INTO the Tarot card. The blood inside spills
across the oak desk.

Valentine grabs her, livid, his eyes bulging with rage.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
Take it out!

*
*

Clary runs towards the staircases on either side of the
Portal. Suddenly Pangborn and Blackwell come into the
room blocking both staircases. There's only one way out:

Clary runs and JUMPS through the Portal, disappearing
into the WATER-LIKE SUBSTANCE. She's gone!

Valentine, Pangborn and Blackwell come to a halt in front
of the swirling water of the Portal. TOTAL SILENCE. The
air sucked out of the room. Everyone stares at it.

Then a loud RUMBLING comes from inside it...

Simon, Isabelle and Jace are seated around Alec's
bedside. Alec is pale and still. There's a loud RUMBLING.
Isabelle bolts up in her chair.

ISABELLE
Someone just went through the
Portal. That can't be good.

Jace goes to the door.

JACE
I'll go check.

*

Valentine holds the card in his hand, wiping off some of
the blood. The Cup so close and yet so far away. He looks
at Pangborn and Blackwell.

WIDING BLOOD
OFF CARD?

VALENTINE
Lock the place down, get Jocelyn,
and find the other three.

Pangborn and Blackwell head out of the library.

HODGE
What about me?

Valentine just looks at him.

HODGE (CONT'D)
We had a deal.

VALENTINE
Well, I don't have the Cup yet, do
I?

He holds up the card with the Cup.

THUD. Clary hits the ground HARD with a splash. She's
soaked from her Portal jump. She's shaking and looks
confused.

It's a foggy night. Clary tries to figure out where she
is. She gets up and sees Luke's bookstore amidst a light
fog. The street is empty, when...

A small girl, 8 years old, walks towards her in the
middle of the road.

As the girl makes her way towards Clary, she notices the
girl's eyes are BLACK. Clary starts backing up.

The girl's lips turn black and her skin changes. She
starts walking faster and faster. Clary backs up further.

(CONTINUED)

CRASH... WHOOSH - at a lighting speed, a blur of black fur shoots across and knocks the girl off the road, knocking over a mailbox and into a storefront. CRASH!

Clary is in shock. She makes her way slowly towards the crashed window. Hearing growls, something sounding like a wolf ravishing the demon's neck. It skirmishes hysterically.

Clary gets a glimpse of someone... Suddenly LUKE stands up. Blood around his mouth. He emerges from the shattered storefront. When he sees her...

LUKE
Sorry. Got carried away.

Petrified, Clary backs up.

Luke reaches for her. She pulls back, horrified.

CLARY
Don't touch me.

He moves in closer. She raises a hand to slap him. He grabs her wrist midair.

LUKE
There's no need for that. That thing will be back, and we're not safe out here.

He takes his jacket off and puts it around her. Scared, she struggles to pull out of his grasp.

CLARY
I'm not safe with you either.

He pulls her up the steps with urgency and pushes the door open. She slides inside, petrified. Her eyes stuck on him. Her back glued to the wall.

Valentine pulls down a Samurai sword from the mantel. Then reaches for a bow and arrow lodged in a statute. Hodge follows him around, pleading.

HODGE
I trusted you. You promised me.
I've been confined here for 18
years.

VALENTINE
And you'll be here another 18, if
I don't get the Cup...

*
*
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*
*

HODGE
I did what you told me to. I held
up my end of the deal.

VALENTINE
No you didn't.

HODGE
But it wasn't my fault. I can't
stay in here any longer.

Valentine tosses the arrow aside and grabs a bamboo stick
topped by a blade.

VALENTINE
Listen. It's all in your head.

Valentine intersects the weapons into one another.

HODGE
No. There's a spell...

VALENTINE
Really? A spell? That's just an
excuse for the real problem. In
here...

(puts his finger on
Hodge's head)
You really think I can undo that?

Valentine thrusts the weapons into the center of the
library floor. The blades dig into the wood diagonally.

HODGE
You said the Cup would cure my
fear.

Valentine takes a large Viking sword and tangles it into
the others, driving it deep into the floor.

VALENTINE
Without it, I'm as stuck as you
are. Difference is, my fear is
real. Think of the danger I'm in
right now by exposing myself like
this. Every Downworlder, member of
the Clave, every Shadowhunter out
there is looking for me right now.
On both sides of the Portal. It's
all Clary's fault. She's left me
no choice. You know what to do.

Hodge steps back, desperately trying to avoid what comes
next. He tries to reason with Valentine, his eyes glued
to the stack of weapons before them.

HODGE

You can't go through with this. A demon has never set foot in the Institute.

*

VALENTINE

I've been waiting to do this for all these years. I wish I didn't have to but she gives me no choice.

*

Hodge hesitates, struggling to not give in. His shoulders drop, he gives up and heads towards the steps. But stops.

HODGE

You don't have to do this. She'll come back, you know.

*

VALENTINE

What makes you so sure?

HODGE

Because there's someone here she wants as much as her mother.

*

The camera cranes up from the weapons to reveal they create a 3D PENTAGRAM. Positioned exactly under the DOME.

The stone floor starts to glow under the pentagram. A deep humming sound. The building begins to vibrate. CLOSE UP Shelves stark shaking.

*

*

*

108

INT. THE INSTITUTE - DOME - NIGHT

108

Hodge walks up the spiral staircase and stops at the top, hesitating before going through the glass door. Past it is a huge room with a glass enclosed DOME. Behind its thousands of windows: NYC.

Hodge is frozen in his tracks. Clearly on the verge of a panic attack. He pulls his hood up, trying to close out the sight of the outdoors.

POV: The view seen past the glass SPINS and TWISTS.

Hodge closes his eyes and focuses on the ground. Slowly, he enters the dome.

He grabs a BLACK IRON LEVER in the middle of the room and moves it slowly. A low, mechanical humming noise. The enormous GLASS DOME slides open.

From above, looking down, we see the glowing pentagram. (Like an x-ray)

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

One by one, in come RAVENS. They land with light THUDS.
THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD.

Hodge stares at them, plagued with guilt.

A109

INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A109

*

The door opens, it's Jace. His eyes go to the pentagram.
He runs to it reaching for a sword to pull it out...

VALENTINE (O.C.)

Don't do that.

He stops and turns.

JACE

Valentine...

Jace rushes to him and puts his dagger to Valentine's
throat.

VALENTINE

Jonathan...

JACE

Nobody calls me that. How do you
know my real name?

109

INT. LUKE'S STORE - NIGHT

109

Luke goes to the windows, checking the street for demons.
He sees a DARK CLOUD moving in. An ominous look comes
across his face. Clary's furious.

CLARY

This was not supposed to happen! I
jumped through the Portal to get
away from Valentine. I thought I'd
wind up with mom. But it brought
me to the last place I wanted to
be.

LUKE

It brought you here because you
must have been thinking of me.
Deep inside you know you can still
trust me.

Clary's defiant.

CLARY

You said you couldn't care less
what happened to us. You just want
the Cup, like everyone else.

*

He shakes his head, wishing she hadn't heard that.

LUKE

I said that to protect you. What else could I do? I've been keeping an eye on you this whole time.

*

Clary's mind FLASHES to the Hotel DuMort. The werewolf with the silver stripe. It's him!

CLARY

That was you back at the Hotel!

*

LUKE

All I ever cared about was protecting you and your mother.

Clary's voice cracks.

CLARY

Is it true? Is Valentine my father?

*

Their eyes lock. Hers full of tears, his of regret.

LUKE

I'm so sorry.

Clary drops into a chair. Reality starts to sink in.

LUKE (CONT'D)

He was a great man. Until the conflict with the Clave. Valentine was so furious with their lack of initiative he wanted to take matters in his own hands. And it drove him mad.

(pouring tea)
Is 2% okay?

*

*

*

*

Training. A young Jocelyn and Luke watch the handsome and powerful Valentine brandish his SWORD with mind blowing skill. He defeats his opponents with ease. Hodge, Pangborn, Blackwell surrender to him.

Valentine, Hodge, Pangborn and Blackwell bust through the front doors, covered head to toe in blood. Laughing.

LUKE (V.O.)

Valentine went on killing sprees.
His specialty were werewolves.

(CONTINUED)

111

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CONTINUED: 111

Awaiting them is a member of THE CLAVE. None too happy.

LUKE (V.O.)
When the Clave found out, they
exiled him along with your mom.

112

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

112 *

LIGHTNING FLASH. Dramatic mountains. Dark sky. The camera
pulls inside through the window. Pangborn and Blackwell
wait outside.

*
*
*

CLARY (V.O.)
And he just let them punished her
too?

*
*
*

LUKE (V.O.)
He retaliated by stealing their
source of power, the Mortal Cup.
No one knows how, that's how good
he was.

It's raining outside. Jocelyn is asleep on the couch, her
sketch pad on her lap. The door opens. In the background,
we can barely distinguish a soaking wet Valentine walk in
with something that lights up, hidden under his raincoat.
He disappears down the steps into the basement.

CLARY (V.O.)
What did he do with it?

*

113

OMIT.

113

114

OMIT.

114

115

INT. COTTAGE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

115

SOUNDS OF SCREAMS

LUKE (V.O.)
He began experimenting using the
Mortal Cup. His idea was that
there had to be an evolution of
Shadowhunters. Something more
powerful. He injected himself with
demon blood. He even figured out
how to summon demons. Although he
was good at hiding it, eventually
Jocelyn found out.

*
*
*

Jocelyn peeks through the door leading into the basement.
We see Valentine cut his own hand and pour the blood into
the Mortal Cup.

(CONTINUED)

Much to her horror, he slides open a fake wall to unveil cages of carnage and terrible CREATURES. Mistakes in his experiments with the Cup.

116

INT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - MORNING

116

*

A terrified and pregnant Jocelyn drinks a cup of tea while a BOY, 2, plays with a pretend sword. She puts her cup down and tries to distract herself by sketching it. Valentine comes in to refill it.

*
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*

LUKE (V.O.)
 But she didn't realize that there
 were others he had been
 experimenting on all that time...
 Until one day... She put it all
 together.

*
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*

She stares at what she's been drinking and realizes there's something wrong with it. She rests a hand on her belly. Her eyes go to her son.

*
*
*

As soon as Valentine leaves the room, she pours out the contents of her cup and puts it down on her sketch pad. It vanishes into the page!!! Stunned, she reaches into the paper and pulls it OUT. A realization.

*
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*
*

A117

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

A117

*

Jocelyn running through the woods holding baby Clary and a 2 year old BOY by the hand.

*
*

LUKE (V.O.)
 As soon as you were old enough,
 she ran away. And I helped her.

*
*
*

We see Luke wait at a road. He grabs her, the boy and the baby and hides them in his car.

*
*

B117

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

B117

*

The car DRIVES down the road.

*

LUKE (V.O.)
 But Valentine set up a trap for us.

*
*
*

Blocking the road are wolves, waiting for the car. Luke hits the breaks 100 feet from them.

*
*

CLARY (V.O.)
 What kind of trap?

*
*

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CONTINUED: B117

LUKE (V.O.)
An ambush. *

Out of nowhere, Valentine opens the car door and pulls the boy out. He screams for his mother. Blackwell reaches for the baby. Luke cuts him with his blade giving Jocelyn the chance to get away with Clary. *

In a wide shot, Pangborn pulls off in another vehicle with Valentine, Blackwell and the boy. Jocelyn runs after it, holding baby Clary. But it's useless. They're gone. She turns to find Luke's car shaking, inside a mess of blood, movement and fur. *

LUKE
I barely survived. *

C117 OMIT. C117 *

117 EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 117 *

The cottage goes up in flames. *

LUKE (V.O.)
By the time we got back, the house had burned to the ground. *

Luke clearly hurt from the wolf attack stands there, staring at the house. Jocelyn, with baby Clary, comes up next to him, distraught. *

Engulfed in flames and barely distinguishable: TWO BODIES, 1 adult, 1 child. *

LUKE (V.O.)
The remains of a man and a child were found in the ashes. *

118 OMIT. 118 *

119 INT. LUKE'S STORE - CONTINUOUS 119

Slumped in a chair, Clary listens in disbelief.

LUKE
She's had to live with this all her life. That's why she's so protective of you. *

Clary's mind is racing, in shock.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 119

CLARY
Wait a second. There was a child?

LUKE
Valentine was so enraged he wanted
her to believe he had killed
himself and their son. Your
brother.

CLARY
I have a *brother*? *

LUKE
Jonathan Christopher Morgenstern.

Her mind FLASHES: The initials on her mother's box, the
lock of hair: J.C.

120

INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

120

Confused, Jace smashes Valentine against the wall,
raising his dagger to his throat. *

JACE
You're lying. I'm Jace Wayland. My
family are the Waylands. *

VALENTINE
Let me show you the truth. *

Valentine cups the back of Jace's head. His eyes widen... *

A121

EXT. ARCHWAY - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A121

*

JACE, 9, holds a FALCON. The silhouette of a man walks
towards him. His face becomes visible, it's Valentine. He
rests his hand on the child's shoulder. We see a ring
with a 'W' on it. *

B121

INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

B121

*

CLOSE UP Jace realizes who Valentine really is. *

JACE
Father... *

VALENTINE
I came back to help you understand
who you really are. Who you're
destined to be. I know you're
unhappy here. Stuck in a place
plagued by rules, unable to
fulfill your true potential. Your
place is next to me. *

(CONTINUED)

JACE

But you stole the Mortal Cup? You
kill Downworlders? You don't obey
the Law?

*
*
*

VALENTINE

You think our Law is perfect?
Weren't you fighting vampires just
yesterday? Didn't they nearly kill
you?

JACE

It's what we do.

VALENTINE

You kill demons. And you do it
because it's what you're good at
and what you were taught to do.
But it isn't who you are. You're
good at it because after you
thought I'd died, you were cut
free. No consequences. No one to
grieve. No one who had a stake in
your life because they'd been part
of giving it to you.

He's hit a sore spot. Jace drops his dagger up.

*

Hodge comes down the stairs behind him and pauses,
watching. We have a close-up on his face as he looks on
with guilt and regret.

Valentine walks up to Jace.

*

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

You're better than all of them,
Jonathan Morgenstern.

*

JACE

(almost cracking)
My name is Jonathan Wayland. I'm a
Wayland.

Valentine slides Jace's ring off his finger and turns it
around. The 'W' is now an 'M'.

VALENTINE

You see, it's all a matter of
perception. You're not a Wayland.
You're a Morgenstern. You're my
son.

*
*
*
*

Jace stares at the ring. Processing it all. Close up on
the ring.

121 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

121

Pangborn and Blackwell walk down the long corridor looking into all the bedrooms (Casa Loma - if schedule allows)

122 INT. THE INSTITUTE - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

122

Isabelle and Simon are sitting by Alec's bedside. Isabelle is leaning over her brother, trying to rouse him but he's unconscious. He's clearly dying.

ISABELLE

Where on earth is Hodge? We don't have much time.

Suddenly the door bursts open. It's Magnus Bane. He's not wearing the glitter and makeup any more. He looks somber in black. He cuts such a dramatic figure that Isabelle and Simon are silent as he walks over to Alec.

*

He leans over and inspects Alec's wounds. Then he walks Simon and Isabelle to the door.

MAGNUS BANE

I'm going to need all of this.
Lots of it.

*

He hands Isabelle a list. She reads it as she starts walking out. Simon follows.

MAGNUS BANE (CONT'D)

Oh, and be careful.

*

*

ISABELLE
We're just going downstairs.

*

*

Magnus holds his hand out. It trembles. He quickly closes it into a fist.

*

*

MAGNUS BANE
Your being invaded!

*

*

He slams the door shut after them. It locks noisily.

*

SIMON (O.C.)

Please tell me he's been wrong before.

*

*

123 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

123

Isabelle and Simon come down the steps into the basement. It's a maze of endless columns, rooms and cells. Isabelle walks along the corridor reading all the signs above the doors. She looks back down at her list.

(CONTINUED)

ISABELLE
It's here somewhere.

They turn a corner and spot a room at the end of a long corridor. It's different from all the others. It's like a small chapel.

They walk in to find shelves full of ancient medicinal stuff. Isabelle looks at the note and starts collecting vials and potions. Simon looks around, discovering something... He cocks his head...

SIMON
Isabelle, look.

Isabelle turns and almost drops what she's holding.

Right there in front of them, above an old stone statue of a knight is JOCELYN, suspended in the air.
Unconscious.

Luke finishes the story. Clary is distraught.

LUKE
We tried to give you a normal life. But neither of us knew what normal was. We did the best we could. We loved you. That was never a lie.

Clary's face changes, realizing he means it. She leans against him, her phone rings. The display: SIMON. She quickly answers.

SIMON (O.C.)
We found your mom. She's here, in the Institute, and she's kind of levitating... *

Clary's eyes go wide. She looks up at Luke. *

CLARY
(into phone)
I'm on my way with Luke. By the way, when you see him, don't freak out, he's a werewolf. *

SIMON (O.C.)
Of course he is... *

A125 INT. INSTITUTE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A125

Simon hangs up. Isabelle finishes collecting the things she needs. *

ISABELLE
You stay here. I need to take this to Magnus.

SIMON
Wha-what? Wait...

She leaves Simon alone in the old chapel/grave room with the suspended Jocelyn. It's so quiet, all we can hear is his nervous breathing.

B125 EXT. LUKE'S STORE - NIGHT

B125

A convoy of VANS, MOTORCYCLES, JEEPS, even a wrecked yellow school BUS pull up. Luke and Clary run out the front door. Luke locks the gate behind him.

CLARY
He's going to take her through the portal. I'll never see her again.

LUKE
Who's with him?

CLARY
Pangborn and Blackwell.

A heavily muscled man, ALARIC, with long hair walks towards them.

LUKE
This is Alaric. *

He inclines his massive head to Clary.

ALARIC
We met. At the DuMort. You put a knife in my ribs.

Clary stares, alarmed. Alaric hands Clary her dagger. She takes it, timidly.

CLARY
Sorry.

ALARIC
Don't be, it was a good throw.

They walk towards the truck.

125 INT. LUKE'S TRUCK

125

Luke is at the wheel. Clary considers him.

CLARY

Go ahead, hang your head out the window if you need to.

LUKE

I'm a werewolf, not a golden retriever.

Both smile. Like old times.

126 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

126

Simon walks around anxiously with the hovering Jocelyn next to him. He's trying not to look at her. Then he hears engine noise and heads towards the window.

A127 EXT. INSTITUTE - BASEMENT

A127

More and more cars and motorcycles arrive outside the window. POV SIMON: Luke, Clary and about 20 other muscly bearded guys jump out of the cars.

B127 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT CHAMBER

B127

SIMON

Thank God the werewolves are here to save us.

(beat)

I never thought I'd say that.

Suddenly there's a noise at the door. He whispers.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Isabelle...

But it's Pangborn and Blackwell. Simon manages to hide behind a desk before they walk into the room. They barely miss him. Simon holds his breath. Frozen in fear. He stares up at the shadows on the wall.

In the foreground, we can see their feet. Their shadows push Jocelyn's floating body out the door. They're gone.

127 OMIT.

127

*

128 INT. THE INSTITUTE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS 128

Isabelle runs down the stairs. She hears footsteps and quickly hides in a small concealed space hidden in the wall. Pangborn and Blackwell pass her, with the hovering Jocelyn between them. We only see their shadows.

As soon as they're gone, Isabelle steps out from the dark space and continues down. Suddenly, RAVENS fly past her. With her back up against the wall, she lets them by, puzzled by their presence. Then rushes down into the basement.

129 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 129

Isabelle runs in. Several RAVENS are already gathered around randomly. It's eerie. She carefully makes her way through them.

Simon appears at the other end of the corridor. He spots her standing amongst the black birds.

SIMON
Isabelle?

She looks down. Suddenly, one begins to shake, followed by a bulging beneath its feathers. Isabelle knows what's about to happen. She starts running, screaming.

ISABELLE
Ruuuun!

She grabs Simon as the birds burst open. DEMONS explode from within.

130 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 130

They turn a corner running. Isabelle shoves Simon aside.

Shadows appear on the ground. They're coming from a side tunnel. Isabelle readies her whip. She tightens her grip around it, raises it high and swings...

It's LUKE!

A struggle ensues. Luke deflects a few killing blows. Until Isabelle spots Clary.

ISABELLE
I almost killed you!

CLARY
Isabelle!

(CONTINUED)

They're happy to see each other.

ISABELLE
Quiet. This place is full of
demons.

LUKE
That's impossible. The Institute
is hallowed ground. *

SIMON
No one seems to have told them
that.

ISABELLE
Someone on the inside must have
let them in. *

Alaric pulls Luke aside.

ALARIC
This was supposed to be a rescue
operation. We're not equipped to
fight demons. It's suicide.

Somber, Luke turns to his clan.

LUKE
Whoever wants to go, now's the
time.

Everyone stands their ground. They're all staying.

A BIKE MESSENGER cruises through the crowded streets. An
ominous feeling makes him turn to look up into the sky...
It's like a big black cloud rumbling in. Until the sound
grows into a loud screeching. We realize, it's a swarm of
RAVENS. HUNDREDS. THOUSANDS. MILLIONS...

A TAXI slams on the breaks, an inch from hitting the bike
messenger. It HONKS loudly. The driver SCREAMS out the
window. Then looks up to see the sky darken, covered in
ravens. They land on rooftops... Sidewalks... Streets...

Isabelle, Luke, Clary, Simon and the WEREWOLF CLAN of MEN
and WOMEN sneak stealthily through the dark columns. Luke
silently instructs his clan to spread out in different
directions. They disperse along the labyrinth pathways.
Still in human form, save for claws and fangs. *

(CONTINUED)

*

One of the men is abruptly yanked away. He screams. The sound of crunching. Then silence.

The others can't stop, forced to continue past various cells filled with dusty old relics and statues. Simon slows down fascinated by a statue. It looks like a demon.

Suddenly, it grabs Simon by the neck and shoves him into the cell. WHAM! He screams. The others turn. Isabelle swings her whip, slicing the demon's arm off.

They look up, the arched ceiling is crawling with humanoid demons. They drop down, surrounding them. Fighting erupts.

Werewolves, only half turned, are thrown into the stone columns. One after another. Quick glimpses of combat. Then all goes silent.

*

Luke runs over to Alaric on the ground, badly hurt, his eyes fading... Within seconds, he's dead.

In a flash, Luke is yanked back, thrown against the wall. A demon is about to pounce on him. Isabelle cuts it in half with her whip.

ISABELLE

There's too many. We won't make it.

They're massively outnumbered. Demons are closing in on them, blocking the stairwell. There's no way out.

The werewolves rip through the demons but their ranks are depleted. Only a few are left to fight, most are injured.

Clary's mind struggles for a solution. Her eyes go the RUNES on Isabelle's arms. She gets an idea.

*

*

CLARY
Give me your Stele.

Isabelle hesitates.

CLARY (CONT'D)
I know what I'm doing.

Isabelle hands her the Stele. Clary slides up her sleeve. The tip of the Stele lights up.

Isabelle scans the space, more shadows coming at them.

Luke's fangs are out. He swings his claws at the advancing demons.

Clary looks up from marking her arm to find more birds flying down the staircase.

(CONTINUED)

CLARY (CONT'D)

More coming!

Isabelle fights two oncoming demons. She swings her gold whip, cutting their heads off.

Simon ducks to avoid a demon swinging its claw at Luke.

Clary finishes the mark and holds up her arm, showing a freshly carved RUNE. One we've never seen before.

She extends it out in front of her and runs through the demons. As they launch at her, the RUNE throws them back. They fold, loose their shape and disintegrate.

Clary keeps running. Her rune protecting her and destroying the demons!!! She heads straight for the stairwell. And runs up through the birds.

Luke, Isabelle and the werewolf men and women fight a new wave of demons. Some crawl on the ceiling, others drop to the ground, landing all around.

One of Luke's clan is thrown into the brick column, it cracks.

Luke dives, running his claws through demon after demon.

ISABELLE

The dome is right above us. They must be coming in through there.

Then, she discovers something inside one of the cells. But it's locked.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Cover me!

Luke steps behind her while she whacks at the lock. The door swings open.

Luke waves his claws at the demons coming from all directions. His fangs clearly visible.

Simon watches Isabelle inside the storage cell full of all kinds of old weaponry. Also there, a few tanks of propane laying among different mechanical equipment. She loads something onto her back. It's a propane tank, its hose attached to a flamethrower.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Simon, I need you.

Simon hesitates. Then, with a worried smile, he heads up the stairs with Isabelle.

132 OMIT.

132

133 INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

133

Valentine opens the doors to the Portal wide. Then returns to the hovering Jocelyn. When the THE TIP OF A BLADE presses up against his jugular. Valentine turns his head ever so slightly to find Clary holding the blade in one hand, the Tarot card with the Cup in the other.

CLARY

She's not going anywhere.

Valentine freezes. A subtle smile on his lips.

VALENTINE

How did you get up here?

She shows him the newly carved rune on her forearm.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

You're even more powerful than I anticipated.

*

CLARY

Step away from her.

VALENTINE

Listen Clary...

She digs the knife in deeper, shutting him up.

Suddenly, Jace emerges from the shadows, grabs her from behind and rips the knife out of her hand. She pulls away. Stunned.

CLARY

What the hell?

JACE

Just listen to what he has to say.
It's not what you think.

She can't believe she's hearing this.

VALENTINE

At last, my children together.
Both my son and daughter...

She looks from Valentine to Jace, not understanding. But Jace can barely look at her, clearly broken by the news.

JACE

Clary, I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

Clary is jolted back by this confirmation. She can barely breathe. Then she sees Jace's despair.

CLARY
Valentine's lying. You're Michael Wayland's son. Luke told me my brother is dead. They found his remains in the ashes.

VALENTINE
I took Jonathan with me when I ran. Those were the bones of a child killed by wolves.

JACE
I wish it weren't true. *

Valentine stares at Clary with amusement.

VALENTINE
She doesn't want to believe it because she's in love with you, Jonathan.

CLARY
I thought your name was Jace.

JACE
Jace is a nickname.

A precipice opens before Clary.

CLARY
Jonathan Christopher... J.C. Jace.
Oh, my God.

He seizes her vulnerability.

VALENTINE
Our family, together again. With the Cup. The world is ours to take. There's no time to waste.

Clary shakes her head, she won't fall for this. He grabs her by the neck and drags her to the table where the Tarot card is.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
Take it out.

He pushes her face inches from it. She tries to resist him. He pushes further, losing his temper.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
TAKE IT OUT!

(CONTINUED)

133

"The Mortal Instruments" PINK AUG. 17, 2012 112.
CONTINUED: (2) 133

But this is too much for Jace. He steps in closer to Valentine trying to pull him away.

JACE
You said you wouldn't hurt her.

Valentine smacks him across the face. Jace falls back.

134

INT. THE INSTITUTE - DOME - NIGHT

134

Isabelle and Simon arrive at the door. Ravens are landing, incessantly. She fires up the flamethrower.

ISABELLE
I'll hold them off. Go close the dome.

Her eyes indicate the lever in the middle of the room.

She blasts a huge flame into the room. WWHHHOOOSSH Several birds catch fire mid flight. As they burn, they EXPLODE becoming flaming demons.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Hurry!

Simon pulls at the lever but it won't budge.

SIMON
It's stuck!

Isabelle fires up the FLAME THROWER again, catching more RAVENS as they fly in through the dome. They explode, demons bursting from inside. Isabelle swings her whip with her other hand chopping off a demon' burning head.

Simon works the lever as the flames surround him. Suddenly, the sprinkler system goes off.

ISABELLE
Close it!!!!

135

INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

135

The sprinkler system goes off in the library.

Jace pulls a spear from the pentagram. The light dies down.

*
*

A136

INT. THE INSTITUTE - DOME - NIGHT

A136

The flow of RAVENS stops coming in.

(CONTINUED)

A136

"The Mortal Instruments" PINK AUG. 17, 2012 113.
CONTINUED: A136

Still many others fill the dome room. Isabelle fires away at them. Behind her, a RAVEN cracks open, a DEMON bursts from it, launching onto her back, clawing her. She's thrust forward, losing her whip. The demon pounces on her.

Simon rushes to reach her. He lifts her back on her feet. But she's hurt. Simon grabs the flamethrower, tossing the tank on his back. He holds Isabelle with one arm and fires with the other.

He blasts a raven. It blows open, the demon moves towards them in flames. Simon yells in frustration!

B136

INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

B136

Valentine punches a glass display, rips out a sword and thrusts it into the ground to take the place of the spear. The pentagram is complete again. The glow and trembling start up again. *

Jace swings the spear, its tip sweeps the surface of the Portal, throwing a few weightless bubbles of Portal water across the room. They hang weightlessly in the air. *

Valentine maneuvers under Jace's spear and kicks him in the stomach, sending him flying back. It gives Valentine a chance to grab another sword from the mantle. He swings it at Jace, barely missing his jugular. But comes back around, swinging hard again... *

Jace spots Portal water floating above Valentine. And more of it by his own shoulder. Jace drives his spear through the bubble next to him... It stabs Valentine in the shoulder. He's thrust forward. *

Clary is by her mother's side, desperately trying to rouse her from her state. *

C136

INT. THE INSTITUTE - DOME - NIGHT

C136

Hundreds of RAVENS fly back in. The invasion continues.

ISABELLE
We have to close it!!!

Simon holds Isabelle up as he steps back towards the BLACK IRON LEVER, struggling to reach it. It's impossible to hold both Isabelle, and the flamethrower.

She practically collapses, he stares at the lever as flames surround it. They're doomed when suddenly... A hand comes into frame and grabs the lever.

Simon looks up to find Hodge.

(CONTINUED)

C136 "The Mortal Instruments" PINK AUG. 17, 2012 114.
CONTINUED: C136

HODGE
Run!

Isabelle raises her head, confused by him.

HODGE (CONT'D)
Go!

Simon pulls her up, holding her as he drags her back. Hodge takes the flamethrower and tosses the tank on his back. He aims it, turns the lever... The dome is closing.

HODGE (CONT'D)
Get out of here!

Hodge blasts the flame, turning the RAVENS into a blanket of FIRE. They fly into the night through the DOME as it closes. They crack open midair. Demons bursts from within. Struggling. Until they EXPLODE.

The dome closes entirely. All goes quiet. *

D136 EXT. JAVA JONES - NIGHT D136

Outdoor tables. People stare up into the sky at the RAVENS, like dark clouds retreating, they disappear.

136 INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT 136

The pentagram of swords collapsed, it's glow out. Jace rushes Valentine. Their blades meet head on in a rage. Clary runs out narrowly missing Pangborn. *

VALENTINE
Get her.

Pangborn chases after her down the stairwell. We hear him being tripped, scream...

A137 INT. THE INSTITUTE - BASEMENT - NIGHT A137

The sound of tumbling comes down the stairs. Pangborn lands with a THUD! Right in front of Luke. He's leaning up against the wall, hurt. Surrounded by his dead clan. In a flash, his clawed hands seize Pangborn by the neck. *

LUKE
You wanted to see me change..?

Pangborn has no time to react. In a flash, just a few frames, Luke is a wolf and he's ripped his neck out. Pangborn keels to the floor, covered in blood. An exhausted Luke is human again.

137 INT. THE INSTITUTE - DOME - NIGHT

137

Hodge turns to escape the fire. Blackwell stands in his way. Hodge reaches into his tweet jacket and releases his signatory round blades. Blackwell doesn't blink. He continues walking. One. Two. Three bladed discs lodge into Blackwell's chest. He doesn't break his stride. Hodge knows his, is a sure death... He charges Blackwell with a cry of war...

Hodge forces Blackwell backward impaling HIM into the rusty lever. With the doors and dome closed, he's got nowhere to go. Flames surge around him. CRASH BELOW... *

138 INT. THE INSTITUTE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

138

Jace is losing the battle. Valentine stands above him, a sword to his throat.

VALENTINE

Either you come with me now. Or you stay behind and die with everyone else here.

JACE

I'd rather die with them than live with you. *

VALENTINE

You're such a disappointment. *

Valentine is about to dig the sword into his throat.

CLARY

Stop!

Clary holds the Mortal Cup into the OPEN Portal. It's waters roar around it.

Valentine stares at it with PANIC. He raises his sword even higher over Jace, ready to deliver the killing blow. Traces of fear in his voice.

VALENTINE

You don't want to do that. Give it to me.

JACE

Clary, don't let him have it.

CLARY

You'd kill your own son? For this?

Indicating the Cup. Valentine walks away from Jace towards her.

(CONTINUED)

Valentine and Clary stand face to face in the sprinkler rain. He reaches into the Portal.

*

CLARY (CONT'D)
Stop. Or I'll drop it. And you'll never see it again.

*

*

*

Valentine desperately tries to find her arm holding the Cup inside the Portal. His hand searches desperately beneath the surface.

*

*

*

VALENTINE
As your father, I'm telling you,
give me the Cup.

*

*

*

She stares at him calmly, knowing he can't find her hand.

*

CLARY
Isn't it a little late to play that game? If you'd been a real father, you'd know me well enough to imagine where the Cup is right now. But you don't. You don't know the first thing about me. You're not my father. You never will be.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

He grabs for it. Now both struggle for it. A tug of war. She uses every muscle of her body.

*

*

VALENTINE
If we lose the Cup, we lose everything.

*

*

*

CLARY
Not we, you.

*

*

Clary THROWS the Cup, with him, into the Portal.

*

Clary punches him smack in the face - BAM! - and sends him into the Portal. But loses her balance... She's about to go in after him, when Jace lunges toward the Portal and grabs her.

JACE
Don't let go.

*

He pulls her back to safety.

Bruised and bloody, Luke staggers in, picks up Valentine's discarded blade and throws it, striking the Portal. It freezes the surface, the water turns to ice. It splinters like glass. A cold shock wave spreads through the room. Jocelyn falls to the couch. The sprinkler rain turns to snow. The Portal shatters, exploding.

*

Clary and Jace are thrown back. They land on the ground in front of the shattered Portal in a pool of cracked ice. Jace rises, steadies himself, then reaches a hand out to Clary. She takes it. *

CLARY
Are you okay?

With barely a nod, he looks around the empty room where the Portal was. Now its just the thousand year old stone exposed.

Across the room, Jocelyn lays on the couch. Luke bends over her. It's clear he cares, more than just a friend. *

Jace turns back to Clary.

JACE
I don't think I'll ever be okay again.

Feeling shame and defeat, he reaches out and pulls her into his arms, tightly.

A139

INT. THE INSTITUTE - INFIRMARY - DAY

A139

*

CLOSE UP On Alec opening his eyes. His POV Isabelle, Jace and Magnus Bane stare intently at him. *

*

*

ALEC
What are you staring at? *

*

*

Isabelle throws her arms around his neck, tears of happiness burst from her eyes. *

*

*

JACE
Good to have you back. *

*

*

139

EXT. BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL - DAY

139

Simon pulls up to the entrance with Clary in a beat up van. She's about to open the car door but hesitates, there's something she needs to get off her chest.

CLARY
Simon, I'm sorry about our fight.

He holds a hand up.

SIMON
We don't have to talk about it. In fact, I'd rather not.

She insists.

CLARY

Just let me say one thing. I know that when you said you loved me, what I said back wasn't exactly what you wanted to hear...

*

SIMON

True. I'd always hoped that when I finally said 'I love you', you'd say 'I know' back. Like Leia did to Han in Return of the Jedi.

She can't help but laugh. He glares. She turns serious.

CLARY

Sorry. Look, Simon, I....

SIMON

No. You look, Clary. Look at me and really see me. Can you do that?

She nods, sorry she hurt him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Did what I say really take you by surprise?

A tense silence. A moment of truth for both.

CLARY

I don't want to lose you. You're my best friend.

SIMON

I don't know how to be me without loving you, and I don't want to learn.

Clary kisses him softly on the cheek and gets out. Simon watches her walk into the hospital. He smiles to himself.

There lies Jocelyn. Her red hair spills across the pillow. She doesn't look sick, just asleep, peaceful, beautiful. A real Sleeping Beauty. Clary is staring out the window. Jace appears at the door, watches her for a beat then comes in to stand next to her.

*

*

JACE

How's she doing?

*

*

Clary turns, surprised to see him.

*

*

CLARY

Stable, but what she took is
powerful. The doctor said we
should talk to her. She might hear
us.

*
*
*
*
*

She stares back out the window, pensive.

*

JACE

What are you thinking about?

*

CLARY

Just how different everything is,
you know, now that I can see. The
whole city's changed around me.

JACE

Everything out there is exactly
the same. You're the one that's
different. The truth makes you
different.

They lean into each other. A little too close. Then
quickly move away from one another.

*
*

JACE (CONT'D)

I know it's true but I can't feel
it's true.

*
*
*

CLARY

I kind of hate knowing the truth.

Jace can't keep up the tough façade, he cracks.

JACE

I don't want it to be true either.
About us. I don't want any of it
to be true. Clary, you have to
know that.

She looks back at him. It's hard. For both.

*

Luke arrives with coffee. He hugs Clary.

*

LUKE

Anything new?

CLARY

No.

Clary sits by her mom's bedside and kisses her forehead.
She studies her for a beat, half-expecting her to wake
up. But she doesn't.

Luke locks eyes with Jace. With his head, he indicates
the hallway. Jace gets it. They walk out, giving Clary
some privacy.

(CONTINUED)

Clary takes her mom's hand. The words are difficult to come by at first. Her emotions conflicting.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Mom, you have to wake up. I know you want to. I have so many questions. My memories. The past. There's one question...

She looks back at Jace. Tears well up in her eyes. It's hard to say more.

CLARY (CONT'D)
I understand why you did what you did. But right now, I need you. I can't do this without you...

Clary softly caresses her mom's hand, pensive.

CLARY (CONT'D)
Mom, if you can hear me, give me a sign. Anything...

Clary stares at her mom's fingers. Nothing. Nothing... Disappointment. Jocelyn's fingers MOVE. Clary sees it, tears in her eyes. She caresses her cheek against her mom's hand and whispers... *

CLARY (CONT'D)
Everything's going to be alright. I promise. The Cup is right where you left it.

Camera pans to her messenger bag on the chair, half open. The Tarot Card lays inside. In it, the Mortal Cup!!! *

The camera tracks slowly through the elements in the relic room. It moves towards the glass box where Simon first saw the replica of the Mortal Cup. The glass is broken, and the replica is gone...

FADE TO BLACK.